

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

AUGUST 27, 1965

THE SAGA OF GEMINI 5

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



FLIGHT DIRECTOR
CHRIS KRAFT

HENRY GURKE

VOL. 86 NO. 9

(ESTD. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, August 25

THE VIET NAM WAR: WHO? WHAT? WHY? (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.)[®] Edward P. Morgan narrates a report on the debate between the Administration and congressional critics of Viet Nam policies.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). *Adam's Rib* (1949), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell and David Wayne.

Thursday, August 26

THE DEFENDERS (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Ruth White guest stars as a governess charged with kidnaping and child neglect. Repeat.

Friday, August 27

FDR (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.). *The Eagle and the Bear*, a review of U.S. relations with Russia from 1933 to the Roosevelt-Stalin meeting at Yalta. Repeat.

Saturday, August 28

N.F.L. PRE-SEASON GAME (CBS, 3:30 p.m.). Los Angeles Rams v. Chicago Bears at Dudley Field, Nashville, Tenn.

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Sonny Fox and Leo Durocher report the Little League World Series from Williamsport, Pa.

Sunday, August 29

N.F.L. PRE-SEASON GAME (CBS, 2 p.m.). Cleveland Browns v. Detroit Lions at Tiger Stadium, Detroit.

SUNDAY ENCORE (NBC, 3-4 p.m.). *The Chosen Child*, narrated by John Chancellor, explores the problems involved in child adoption.

THE AMERICAN GOLF CLASSIC (ABC, 4:30-6 p.m.). Final round from the Firestone Country Club in Akron, Ohio.

Monday, August 30

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Agent Solo is instructed to silence a trouble-making Balkan ambassador by "arranging" the sale of America's newest secret weapon. Repeat.

NATIONAL DRIVERS TEST (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A quiz that viewers can take in their own homes with common driving hazards visually reproduced. Repeat.

RECORDS

Chorus & Song

RICHARD TUCKER: THE ART OF BEL CANTO (Columbia). The great American tenor sings the ravishingly beautiful songs and arias (*Caro mio ben*, *Già il sole dal Gange*) that constitute the canon of *bel canto*. His vocal line, the essential element in *bel canto*, is lyrical, firm and without breaks. There are more sensual interpretations of the art, but few more satisfying.

ANNA MOFFO/LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI (RCA Victor). Miss Moffo sings Brazilian Composer-Conductor Heitor Villa-Lobos' wanton *Bachianas Brasileiras* in a way that would excite Bach or any gypsy. Her mood shifts with the song like quicksilver. In Canteloute's *Songs of the Auvézère*, she settles unfortuitously into simpering sen-

timentality, which is not relieved by Stokowski's painfully slow pace.

ORLANDO DI LASSO: PROPHEETIAE SIBYLARUM (Nonesuch). This chorale, in which the sibyls prophesy the birth of Jesus, has a directness and atonal quality that make it sound startlingly modern. The Prague Madrigal Choir sings with cutting clarity.

BACH: THE ST. MATTHEW PASSION (London). Karl Münchinger and the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra give the masterpiece an interpretation that is lovingly faithful to Bach's design. It has an appropriately reverent quality rather than the overwhelming emotional thrust of massed voices that most often dominate baroque oratorios. Among the soloists, all competent. Peter Pears as the narrator and August Messlthaler as Judas stand out.

RICHARD STRAUSS LIEDER (London). While Strauss's songs unquestionably sound better when sung by a soprano, Hermann Prey does all that a young rich baritone possibly can. While he cannot claim Fischer-Dieskau's crown as a lieder singer, his open, direct approach gives this record considerable charm.

PETER PEARS AND JULIAN BREAM, MUSIC FOR THE GUITAR (RCA Victor). Though the singers and the composers (Britten, Walton) are 20th century, this disk takes the listener right into an 18th century salon. Pears's technique is faultless, his singing elegant.

MAUREN FORRESTER SINGS ARIAS OF BACH AND HANDEL (Vanguard). So splendid and secure is Maureen Forrester in this performance that Kirsten Flagstad is the closest and best comparison. In the sorrowing arias, such as "*Es ist vollbracht*" near the end of Bach's *St. John Passion* and "*He was despised*" from Handel's *Messiah*, she conveys grief and compassion with darkly shaded tones and a seemingly endless vocal line.

CINEMA

RAPTURE, A strange farmhousehold on the coast of Brittany shelters an escaped criminal who fulfills the various needs of a preachy ex-judge (Melvyn Douglas), his other-worldly daughter (Patricia Gozzi), and a bed-minded serving wench (Gunnel Lindblom). The fulfillment is a triumph for English Director John Guillermin.

DARLING, A playgirl's progress from obscurity to celebrity is charted by Director John Schlesinger (*Billy Liar*), whose brittle, jet-set satire owes much to Julie Christie's presence in the title role.

THE IPCRESS FILE, Freed from Bondage to gags and gimmickry, this British suspense yarn plays up the honest good humor in the exploits of a secret agent (Michael Caine) who saves England's top scientists from a massive brainwash.

SHIP OF FOOLS, Despite the Meaningful Dialogue they spout, Vivien Leigh, Lee Marvin, Simone Signoret and Oskar Werner make fast company for the long haul.

THE KNACK, An embattled virgin (Rita Tushingham) fends off three zany British bachelors, millions of sight gags, and reels of New Cinemaism in Director Richard Lester's (*A Hard Day's Night*) version of the stage hit.

THE COLLECTOR, In Director William Wyler's grisly but somewhat glamorized treatment of the novel by John Fowles, a lovely art student (Samantha Eggar) wages a

* All times E.D.T.

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Oh, I remember.



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I remember them more.



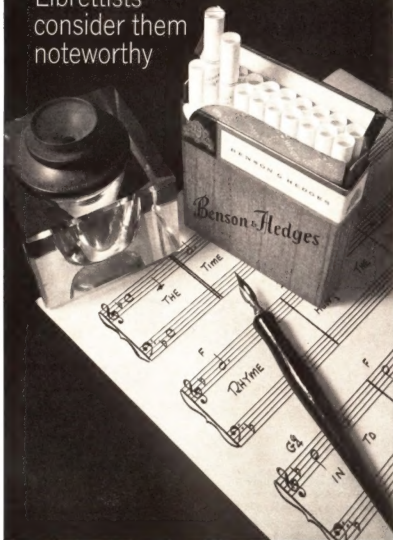
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war of nerves against a manic lepidopterist (Terence Stamp) who has locked her in a dungeon.

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES. The good old days are giddily recalled in a great London-Paris air race of 1910, highlighted by a collection of flap-happy vintage aircraft, with Gert Frobe, Alberto Sordi and Terry-Thomas among the madcaps at the controls.

BOOKS

Best Reading

WARD 7, by Valeriy Tarsis. The Ukrainian writer was railroaded into an insane asylum in 1962 when he published *The Blue-bottle*, a vigorous attack on Soviet tyranny. Not surprisingly, he found that the other patients' only lunacy was to criticize Khrushchev's Russia, and now he voices the plight of his fellow inmates.

THOMAS, by Shelley Mydans. A full-dress novel about Thomas Becket emphasizes pomp and pageantry, but also characterizes Becket as serving God as much as King Henry II serves the devil.

REPORT TO GRECO, by Nikos Kazantzakis. The tormented Greek writer's autobiography is a powerful, personal testament and a key to the sources of his obsession with God. Kazantzakis died when the book was only in first draft, but the occasional rudeness and awkwardness show the raw energy in his creative gift.

THE LOOKING GLASS WAR, by John le Carré. The author sends another ungimicky thriller out to fight the cold war with James Bond. Grey East Germany and red-tailed London are again the settings; the spy is another drab, lonely man.

THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS, by Giorgio Bassani. The author was responsible for the posthumous publication of Lampedusa's *The Leopard*, and he has learned much from the master. Bassani's gracefully written novel depicts the elegant, decadent world of a rich Jewish family and its confrontation with Fascism and death.

INTERN, by Doctor X. A young doctor's log of his internship in a city hospital is filled with continual, overlapping crises, costly mistakes and occasional triumphs.

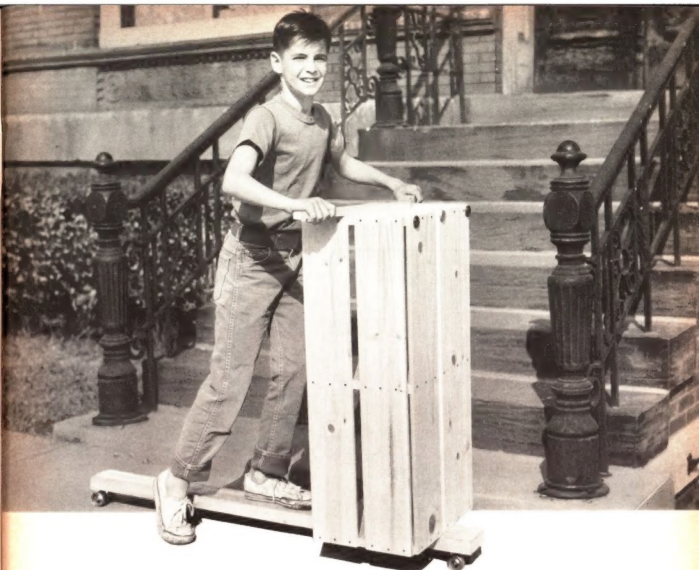
Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Source*, Michener (1 last week)
2. *Hotel*, Hailey (3)
3. *Up the Down Staircase*, Kaufman (2)
4. *The Looking Glass War*, le Carré (4)
5. *The Green Berets*, Moore (5)
6. *Don't Stop the Carnival*, Wouk (7)
7. *The Ambassador*, West (6)
8. *Night of Camp David*, Knebel (9)
9. *A Pillar of Iron*, Caldwell (8)
10. *The Robbi*, Gordon

NONFICTION

1. *The Making of the President, 1964*, White (1)
2. *Is Paris Burning?*, Collins and Lapierre (3)
3. *Intern*, Doctor X (4)
4. *Markings*, Hammarjöld (2)
5. *Games People Play*, Berne (7)
6. *The Oxford History of the American People*, Morison (5)
7. *The Kandy Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*, Wolfe (9)
8. *Journal of a Soul*, Pope John XXIII (6)
9. *Sixpence in Her Shoe*, McGinley (8)
10. *A Gift of Prophecy*, Montgomery



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sonnel once were, and still are. Given the idea, do you think your boy would like to build a scooter? Then send us his name and address. We'll send him the necessary screws, nails, and a blueprint without charge. Why? Because we want every boy in America to know what a blueprint looks like, and to have the opportunity to use his hands, ability, and imagination at least once! And who knows, someday he might work for us.

Send us a boy's name and address on a card with the word "scooter." Please?

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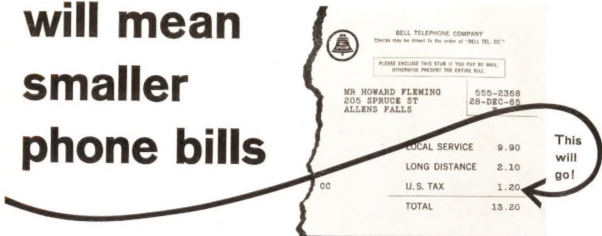
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No excise tax revenues have ever gone to the telephone company. Instead, over the years, we have merely collected the money for the United States government.

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LETTERS

Rights & Wrongs

Sir: The initial Los Angeles uprising [Aug. 20] may have sprung from racial grievances, but there is a difference between action to solve problems and action to relieve frustration. Burning white-owned businesses does not invite integrated existence. I am in favor of constructive demonstrations, but these riots constitute unadulterated defiance of law.

KARLA K. FARNADAY

Los Angeles

Sir: What the Negro has done to himself was well expressed by French Moralist La Rochefoucauld: "The violence done by others is often less painful than that which we do to ourselves."

ALBERT LEPAGE

Attleboro, Mass.

Sir: As a white citizen born in Mississippi and raised in Georgia, I suppose I should tell my friends, "See, them damn niggers ain't fit for freedom." But I can't. Anyone with a shred of conscience cannot read your grippingly honest report without feeling, "There, but for the grace of white skin, go I." People so torn by desperation and racked by self-hatred, to a point where dignity no longer counts, need understanding.

RICHARD L. LEGAN

Chance, Md.

Sir: Your assertion that the Police Department asked for the National Guard on Thursday and that I made no decision until Friday is an unadulterated falsehood. The Chief of Police decided Friday morning that we should ask for the Guard and I immediately concurred. Furthermore, when the Acting Governor signed the necessary proclamation at 5 p.m. Friday, I requested 15,000 men, though the Guard was planning on holding only 2,000 and permitting 7,500 to proceed to Camp Roberts. The Governor had no authority while in Greece. The Acting Governor had to sign the proclamation and order the curfew.

SAM YORTY

Mayor

Los Angeles

► Mayor Yorty certainly "concurred" in the formal decision to request troops Friday morning. As he must know, however, it was on Thursday evening that Police Chief Parker told the California National Guard that the rioting might call for military intervention. In any case, the Guard was not actually called out until 5 p.m. Friday, after vacationing Governor Brown had given the go-ahead from Greece.

Sir: Must we disregard literacy qualifications for voting to prove ourselves non-discriminatory [Aug. 13]? Wouldn't national standardization of registration tests be more desirable by helping Americans to realize that although voting is a right, it is above all a responsibility?

ABBA E. BOROWICH

Syracuse

Shastri Impact

Sir: Allow me to congratulate you on the excellence of your Shastri cover story [Aug. 13]. You have done a valuable service by writing such an enlightening report on India. I may not agree with everything you have said, but I admit that reading your report is like looking at oneself in a mirror. I particularly appreciate the comment, "Indians have no will to work," and I am sure that every thinking person will take your comments in the right spirit.

K. V. SIVARAMAN

Bombay

Sir: When one sees a great film, it takes some time to recover from its impact. Your story has just this effect.

ALFRED MARTIN

Calcutta

Sir: Your panoramic article left me with the feeling that the only unbiased part was the map. I protest your dismissal of Indian philosophy in a few lines. It is a grossly inadequate representation of 40 centuries of thought. Philosophy that has inspired Westerners as different as Schopenhauer and Schweitzer, Huxley and Emerson, deserves more respect. Nevertheless, let me express my gratitude to you for drawing the attention of Americans to India's problems and the need to solve them.

NITIN R. PATEL

Bellaire, Texas

Sir: Shastri deserves more than your faint praise for being cool in the clutch in the Kutch. From Agra to Aligarh, from Gandhian to guru, Indians must be wincing at TIME's efforts to portray their homeland's poetry in packageable patois. To sexy Sindis in silken saris and anonymous bleeding Madrasis, your view of a nation going to Patna can only be a bit less irritating than your Punjabi style.

LEWIS MERKLIN JR., M.D.

MARJORIE MERKLIN

Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

Sir: You state that Pakistan is linked to the People's Republic of China with a reciprocal defense agreement. This is totally

inaccurate; no defense arrangement exists between Pakistan and China. Secondly, the map shows a portion of the state of Jammu and Kashmir as a part of India. As a matter of fact, the status of the entire state is still in dispute.

M. I. BUTT

Embassy of Pakistan

Washington, D.C.

The Johnson Visage

Sir: Boris Chaliapin's cover of President Johnson is better than Peter Hurd's [Jan. 1]. Chaliapin handles light and shade better, and Mr. Johnson doesn't look jaundiced. The eye is more intense, the hand excellent, and he appears ready to say "Good morning."

KATHRYN WEINDEL

Marion, Va.

Sir: Two tourists are struck by the similarly perplexed expressions on the faces of



President Johnson [Aug. 6] and Roman Emperor Vespasian (Bardo Museum).

ANN WOODS

ROSANA ECKMAN

Tunis

Viet Nam

Sir: Your Viet Nam maps [Aug. 6 et al.] are excellent and, together with the text, easy to follow.

THOMAS T. JONES

Lieutenant Colonel, GS

Washington, D.C.

The Rise of Pleasure

Sir: In the few months that the Essay has appeared, I have read each one, marveling at how the final punctuation mark never ceases to give me the same satisfying elation as a well-played billiard shot dropping cleanly and sharply into a pocket. It is the most consistently polished piece of professional journalism I have ever witnessed.

FRED KING

London

Sir: I have just plowed through your uninspired Essay on summer reading [Aug. 13], and I am going back joyfully to *Black House*.

(MRS.) LOIS D. PHEMISTER

Chicago

Sir: My vote for delightful dinner-table conversation for any season is, in contrast to Richard Armour's theory, a discussion of your best-yet Essay on summer reading!

CELIA MARKS

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sir: You quote Walter Kerr's *The Decline of Pleasure*. Your Essay stimulates *The Rise of Pleasure*. How to find time for

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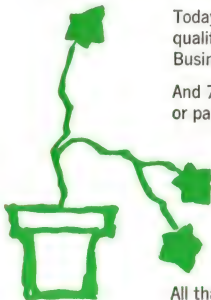
"Grow some ivy," they said.

It was 1931 and Sears had just founded Allstate.
And people seemed to expect an insurance company
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We respect tradition. But too much ivy-covered thinking
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And 7 million people trust Allstate with all
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as new policyholders sign on, old ones
stay on—year after year after year.

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All that is green is not ivy.



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DIETRICH GURLITT

Freiburg, Germany

Platitudes or Profundities?

Sir: Congratulations! You have succeeded in degrading the name of one of the few beautiful poets of our time. Kahlil Gibran [Aug. 13] has no cult, just thousands of readers who seek a bit of tranquility in the midst of the hate, sex and cynicism one finds in literature today.

ALEXANDER E. KURJACK

Evanston, Ill.

Sir: Gibran's masterpiece was the hottest item under the Christmas tree at my sorority house last year. If Knopf wants to meet Gibran readers, he can find 85 in one house at Bowling Green State University.

CHARLOTTE LIND

Wauseon, Ohio

Sir: Re *The Prophet*: so I'm part of a cult and "somewhat immature," "vaguely well-meaning" and I "think religion is a misty feeling." How nice to be analyzed so neatly and for free! But I wonder if the reviewer read the book? There is no mysticism there—just simple thoughts stated beautifully and movingly.

TERRY CAIRNS

Lawton, Okla.

Sir: Congratulations on your Gibran story. For too long we have had to listen to the meaningless, mystic platitudes of that Lebanese mental five-year-old.

FRED GALLAGHER

Wood-Ridge, N.J.

Good-Humored No

Sir: Your article on the ubiquitous Good Humor men who plague us during the summer [Aug. 13] shows only too well that the complaining parents are willing victims of our child-oriented society. One word would alleviate their troubles if they would use it on their offspring: No.

ELIZABETH N. RAI

Sparta, N.J.

Popsicles & Fudgsicles

Sir: The Joe Lowe Corp. of Englewood, N.J., has had the trademarks Popsicle and Fudgsicle registered for more than 30 years, and has spent millions of dollars advertising and promoting them, with the result that today such confections outsell all others. Your use of these valuable marks in a generic way [Aug. 13] does injury to the trademark rights of the Joe Lowe Corp. I trust you will appreciate our indignation.

RICHARD J. COWLING
Attorney

Tenafly, N.J.

Girard's Will

Sir: Letter Writer John V. Smith [Aug. 13] is wrong in saying that the controversy over Girard College's admission policy involves an attempt to break Stephen Girard's will. To remain viable, any will must be reinterpreted from time to time. The Girard trust has not been inflexible in the past. Property was sold despite the will's prohibition against sale. Boys have been admitted who were neither poor nor truly orphans without protest. It is only when the racial restriction is challenged that the cry to preserve the will is heard.

But Girard's purpose was to serve Philadelphia orphans, in 1831 primarily white. Today, in the heart of a Negro ghetto, Girard College still serves only whites, although the need of the Negro cries out for help.

JOHN W. PURDY

Arlington, Va.

The Spirit of Solzburg

Sir: Your article on the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies [Aug. 13] catches the spirit of this extraordinary experiment in international understanding. Twice I have given a course at Salzburg on American motion pictures; I have never taught more eager students. I am glad you recognized a seminar by product: the opportunity for students from various countries to meet on a common ground and in a common language. English.

BEAUMONT NEWHALL

Rochester, N.Y.

The World of Fashion

SIR: THE ARTICLE ON FASHION IN TIME, DATED AUG. 13, DISPARAGES MY WINTER COLLECTION. NO PERSON FROM TIME'S ORGANIZATION HAS SEEN MY COLLECTION, AND I THEREFORE QUESTION TIME'S RIGHT TO HAVE ANY OPINION, EITHER FAVORABLE OR UNFAVORABLE, ON THE STATEMENT THAT I "FLED" BEFORE THE COLLECTION HAD BEEN COMPLETELY SHOWN AND THAT THERE WAS NO APPLAUSE IS SIMPLY FALSE. IN FACT, THE MODELS WERE GENEROUSLY APPLAUDED SEVERAL TIMES.

HUBERT DE GIVENCHY

PARIS

► *Time stands by its story as printed.*

Sir: Re *Mademoiselle* Editor Kerr's remark about fashion editors who "can scarcely read" [Aug. 13] Editor Raymond Locke, *Mademoiselle's* fashion editor, both reads and writes. Mrs. Locke is frequently called on to write copy and always writes her own. Shopping bags of reading material are brought home nightly, and her first book will be published this fall.

RALPH LOCKE

New York City

The Fortas Appointment

Sir: As a witness at the Abe Fortas nomination hearing [Aug. 13], I did not make the charge you attributed to me that Mr. Fortas had withheld from Senate investigators information about a Communist at the State Department. I stated, among other points, that Fortas had "deliberately withheld pertinent data of a Communist source," and I supplied the Senate with documentation of this allegation.

CHARLES CALLAS

New York City

Address Letters to the Editor in TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

Robert C. Gordon

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS: LAWRENCE E. LAYBOURNE

GENERAL MANAGER: John J. Frey, James A. Thompson

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TIME, AUGUST 27, 1965

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

IN the journalistic sense, the process of developing, reporting, writing, editing and putting to press a TIME cover story is in many ways similar to the carrying out of a space mission. There is the large organization whose talents and resources stand behind and contribute to the effort; there are top-level decisions to be made that involve personalities, performance and timing; there is the intense period of preparation; there is need for contingency plans that can be put into effect in case events force a change from the original schedule.

On this analogical basis, the flight director for this week's stories on Christopher Columbus Kraft Jr. and Gemini 5 is Senior Editor Richard Seamon, who edits a number of sections including SCIENCE, and for whom this was the sixth cover story on space flight. Working under Seamon's guidance, the key two-man team handling the vehicle was made up of Houston Bureau Chief Ben Cate and Science Writer John Wil-

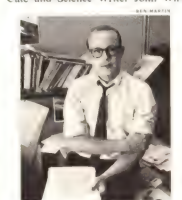


CATE IN MISSION CONTROL ROOM

ford, two young men who, by age, condition of reflexes and general alertness, might well be taken for astronauts.

Cate, 33, born in Paris of American parents, was Yale '55, served two years in the Army, came to TIME in 1960 after three years with the St. Petersburg, Fla., Times. He is a familiar figure around the space center in Houston, did most of his interviewing for this week's stories at the flight director's console in the Mission Operations Control Room (where Artist Henry Koerner painted the cover portrait). Wilford, 31, is a native of Kentucky, was University of Tennessee (B.S., '55) and Syracuse University (M.A.), joined TIME in 1962 after a stint with the Wall Street Journal. The kind of material he is busy with week after week is suggested by the fact that his two previous cover stories were the Computer (April 2) and the Mars mission's William Pickering (July 23). There is a third member of this crew for whom it is difficult to find a counterpart in the space analogy. This is the SCIENCE researcher, Fortunata Sydnor Trappnell, whose store of facts and figures on the subject might startle some of NASA's experts.

The saga of Gemini 5 was widely reported for the ear on radio and the eye on television, and in the daily headlines. The aim of TIME's mission is to go to a substantially greater depth than the sounds and sights and to present a coherent, meaningful story of the flight—its drama, its trials and its significance—in terms that reach not only the ear and eye but also the mind.



WRITER WILFORD

INDEX

Cover Story . . . 46	Color: Houston's Space Center . . 49	Essay: The Negro after Watts . . 16
Art . . . 62	Medicine . . . 70	Science . . . 46
Books . . . 85	Milestones . . . 71	Show Business . . 37
Cinema . . . 82	Modern Living . . 65	Sport . . . 68
Education . . . 56	The Nation . . . 9	Time Listings . . 2
The Hemisphere . . 25	People . . . 28	U.S. Business . . 73
The Law . . . 40	Press . . . 31	The World . . . 18
Letters . . . 4	Religion . . . 59	World Business . . 76



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

August 27, 1965

Vol. 86, No. 9

THE NATION

RACES

The Loneliest Road

On the southeastern fringe of Los Angeles, the Negro ghetto of Watts was a smoldering ruin. Wisps of smoke still curled from the skeletons of charred buildings. Wrecked cars lay around the streets like swatted beetles. Sidewalks were buried under huge shards of glass and chunks of concrete that had filled the air at the riots' height. The glint of sunlight on thousands of brass cartridge casings gave the eerie look of an abandoned battlefield—which it was. "This is just a quietness," said a Negro minister. "The riot is not over."

That after-image haunted all Americans, in a week that brought successes for their nation almost everywhere save in the unilluminated corners of its own big cities. The U.S. could look proudly to the skies, where the Gemini 5 capsule whirled in orbit; to far-off Viet Nam, where raw young marines scored the war's most notable victory against a well-entrenched, battle-seasoned Viet Cong force; to their own boundless farm lands, where record crops were ripening.

Against all this, the Negro's unbribed rage pulsed in a deeply disquieting counterpoint, drumming home the belated realization that while the black American's legal rights at last seem securely anchored in the law, his problems of identity as a citizen have only now begun to nudge the nation's conscience (see TIME ESSAY).

Telltale Signs. If the fires of hatred and frustration had subsided, they had not gone out in Watts. All week, scattered scenarios of violence unfolded in the ghetto's rubble streets. A Negro woman tried to run a National Guard blockade and was riddled with .30-cal. machine-gun fire. An 18-year-old boy caught looting a fire-damaged furniture store was shot dead; near where he fell was a body so hideously charred that police were unable to determine its sex. Fifty police rushed to the Black Muslim mosque in Watts on a tip that arms were being laid in there, arrested 59 Negroes after a half-hour gunfight.

But—for the time being, at least—the volcanic fury had spent itself, and white officialdom slowly relaxed its tight vise on the area. By ghetto's end only 1,000 National Guardsmen remained of the 14,000 who had been rushed in at the riots' peak.

The toll stood at 35 dead and 900



EUROPEAN CARTOONIST DEPICTS U.S. NEGRO VIOLENCE

Volcanic fury was spent, but hate smoldered on.

injured." Property damage was estimated at \$46 million, with 744 buildings damaged or destroyed by fire, 457 picked bare by looters. Nearly 4,300 had been arrested, and the total kept on mounting as Negroes who sported telltale new clothes or possessions were hauled in on suspicion of receiving stolen goods. To avoid a similar fate, other looters began abandoning their booty. Police recovered more than 50,000 stolen articles: television sets, a score of sofas, hundreds of lamps, a truckload of beer. More than 3,000 of those arrested faced felony charges ranging from looting and armed burglary to arson and murder. To complicate things for the courts, some of the prisoners gave fake names like Richard Burton and Edward G. Robinson. According to a tongue-in-cheek theory making the rounds of white Los Angeles, the riots had not been halted by the National Guard; they simply petered out when all the rioters went home to see themselves on their looted TV sets.

Sense of Pride. Yet the mood in Watts last week smacked less of defeat than of victory and new power. "They have developed a feeling of potency," said Negro Psychiatrist J. Alfred Can-

non. "They feel the whole world is watching now. And out of the violence, no matter how wrong the acts were, they have developed a sense of pride."

They have also discovered a convenient if desperate device to draw attention to their plight. Two weeks ago hardly anybody had heard of Watts. Now, a big-name, eight-man commission appointed by Governor Pat Brown and headed by former CIA Chief John A. McCone, was looking into community problems that everyone else had ignored for years. Now, \$1,770,000 was being rushed from Sargent Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity to hire up to 2,000 local residents for the clean-up job. Now, after months of petty political bickering (see following story), \$20 million in federal anti-poverty funds was on its way to Watts and the rest of Los Angeles' Black Channel.

And after all, as a 19-year-old Negro rioter pointed out, "What Watts needed was rebuildin'. Now we made sure they're gonna have to rebuild it. And it's gonna mean some jobs for Negroes here, like me and my old man."

Temper Tantrum. But if the people of Watts—and a good number of sympathetic Negroes elsewhere—took pride in their bloody outburst, there was far more reason to count it a tragic setback for the Negro and the nation.

"It bore no relation to the orderly

* Detroit's race riot in 1943 claimed 35 dead, 700 injured. The 1919 race riots in East St. Louis, Ill., cost 47 lives.

struggle for civil rights that has ennobled the past decade," said President Johnson in unusually stern tones. "A rioter with a Molotov cocktail in his hands is not fighting for civil rights any more than a Klansman with a sheet on his back and a mask on his face. They are both lawbreakers, destroyers of constitutional rights and liberties, and ultimately destroyers of a free America. They must be exposed, and they must be dealt with."

To Martin Luther King, the Negro's chief apostle of nonviolence, it was a blind, misguided "lashing out" for attention, a kind of "temper tantrum" by those at the very brink of hopelessness.

"You with The Man." Though a favorite rallying cry of the mob was "Get Whitey!", most Negro leaders interpreted it as a class explosion, in which The

at the riots' height with a boy who was brandishing a Molotov cocktail:

Dymally: Cool it, man.

Youth: You with us?

Dymally: Yeah.

Youth: Well then, here, you throw it.

Dymally: No, I'm for peace.

Youth: Then you with The Man.

No Fathers. As happened in Harlem last summer, packs of youths took over the Watts riot, commanding the streets, defying anybody to challenge them. No Negro leader accepted the challenge. "They have rejected their elders," said New York's Bayard Rustin, who had helped organize the triumphant 1963 March on Washington. "These elders are not people of achievement. Their fathers are out of work. Their mothers are on relief. And the established civil rights leadership is out of touch with

violent change." He concluded, "I'm enlisted for the duration."

Surely the duration will extend beyond Lyndon Johnson's presidency and many more to come. Through legal action, the road from shantytown to voting booth has shown that the road from deprivation to decent schools, jobs and homes, may be even more tortuous and lonely. There are no short cuts, and in the aftermath of violence the people of Watts may begin to grasp that fact. Many did. "I don't want anyone to give me anything," said a Negro laborer. "All I want is a job."

Who's to Blame?

Amid the crossfire of conjecture, no one questioned that the Los Angeles riots were caused by Negro lawlessness. But who or what caused that? The most frequent, and most serious, charges were: 1) that Mayor Sam Yorty had ignored the legitimate needs of the city's Negroes, and 2) that the outburst was in large measure a protest against Police Chief William Parker's cops. It was too impassioned a time for final judgments, but Angelenos and others familiar with the Negro's private and public grievances against the city administration began last week to weigh the evidence on both sides.

THE MAYOR

In four years in office, Democrat Yorty, 55, a former state legislator (1936-40, 1949-50) and ex-Congressman (1951-54), has moved from ultra-liberal to dyed-in-the-wool conservative. He has run an efficient administration, put qualified professionals in charge of big city departments, and reduced discrimination in city hiring. Like most of his predecessors, however, Yorty expresses paternalistic interest in the city's Negro population but has made little effort to understand its problems or anticipate its difficulties. Though the city's 540,000 Negroes represent more than one-fifth of its population, Yorty has relied mostly on three Negro city councilmen and "a fine group of Negro ministers" to keep him in touch with the Black Channel—which regards Yorty's men as Uncle Toms. As a result, says a Los Angeles Negro psychiatrist, black Angelenos feel that they are victims of "disregard, hypocritical attitudes and paternalism."

"Deliberate Incitement." Outside attempts to help the city's Negroes have met with resistance from the mayor. In 1962, when the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights sent an investigative team to the city, Yorty was downright hostile, warned it not to serve as "a sounding board for dissident elements and irresponsible charges." The mayor's relations with the Federal Government reached the breaking point over the city's anti-poverty program, which has been snarled from the start. Yorty rejected demands by the U.S. Office of Economic Opportunity that he accept representatives of "the poor" on his anti-poverty board, arguing that private



RIGHTS LEADERS RUSTIN & KING IN LOS ANGELES

Votes in the South, seats in the lunchroom, but still an empty future.

Man—the white cop and shopkeeper, social worker and politician—was attacked more because he was a symbol of the Negro's deprivation than because his skin was white. The troublemakers in Watts could have claimed scores of white victims, if racial vengeance had been their aim. "This wasn't no race riot," said a Watts woman. "It was a riot between the unemployed and the employed. We are tired of being shelved and told we don't want to work."

In fact, the rioters' resentment was aimed at the successful, assimilated Negro as well as the white man. "The time is coming," said Negro Author Louis Lomax, "when some of us who look like middle-class success symbols will have to march to Watts in all humility, and we're going to have to show these people that we are just as willing to die right here in Los Angeles to help this man reidentify as we are willing to die in Selma." To illustrate the gulf that existed between the Negro "haves" and "have-nots," Negro State Assemblyman Mervyn Dymally recounted an exchange

them. We've done plenty to get the vote in the South and seats in lunchrooms, but we've had no program for these youngsters. They can't look to their fathers and they can't look to us."

The Negroes of Watts were less polished but no less forceful in condemning their leadership. "We've got enough big nigger preachers here, doing nothing but taking our money and talking for the white man," said a Watts housewife. "I figure I'm my own best leader," said another, "except for the President, and he better be white and black or he can burn too."

Ghetto to Suburb. The President was trying to be just that. In a speech to a White House Conference on Equal Employment Opportunity, he spoke of his efforts to improve the lot of "Americans of every color." Said he: "In education, in housing, in health, in conservation, in poverty, in 20 fields or more, we have passed—and we will pass—far-reaching programs heretofore never enacted. Our cause is the liberation of all of our citizens through peaceful, non-

citizens should not be deputed to spend public money—though virtually every other major U.S. city had adopted this approach. Yorty later retreated, consented to an expanded board, including some representatives of private groups. Yet, though OFO has pumped \$17 million into the city for various programs, it has held up another \$20 million for projects that would create desperately needed job opportunities for the city's unemployed Negroes.

OFO Director Sargent Shriver charged last week that while 523 towns and counties have organized effective anti-poverty programs, Los Angeles is the only major city in the U.S. that has not done so. Federal officials also claimed that Yorty was one of only two big-city mayors (the other: Chicago's Richard Daley) who spurned a secret offer of special federal aid earlier this year to help forestall summer riots—even though 34% of L.A.'s Negro youths were unemployed. In Harlem, by contrast, the Federal Government's \$4,000,000 program to make jobs for 4,000 Negro youths is credited with averting a repetition of last year's riots.

In his defense, Yorty charges that the Federal Government bears a major share of the responsibility for stirring the emotions of Los Angeles Negroes to fever pitch. In a telegram that he fired off to Washington last week, Yorty declared that "one of the riot-inciting factors was the deliberate and well-publicized cutting off of poverty funds to this city," demanded that Shriver "process our programs and release our funds while we reorganize." The mayor also accused California Governor Edmund G. Brown of trying to make political hay by appointing a commission to look into the riots' causes.

THE POLICE CHIEF

William Parker, a 63-year-old native of Lead, S. Dak., is a crusty cop who neither drinks nor smokes, is married to a former policewoman, and lives in a modest suburban home protected by a massive chain-link fence. He joined the L.A. police force 38 years ago, won a law degree by studying nights and, though little liked by less austere fellow officers, rose rapidly. Parker was appointed chief in 1950. In a traditionally precarious post—the average tenure of his predecessors was 18 months—Parker has lasted 15 years, and made the Los Angeles Police Department one of the nation's most efficient.

Despite Negro charges that his cops are mostly Southerners, the great majority are native to the West Coast. They must have an IQ of at least 110. Parker's force has one Ph.D., 15 officers with masters' degrees, 15 with law degrees, 208 B.A.s, 288 with two-year college certificates, 375 with police academy diplomas; more than 2,000 policemen are taking outside courses. Though it has the highest pay rates of any police force in the U.S., the department is seriously undermanned, has only 5,018 men to cover 458.2 sq. mi.—ten cops per sq. mi. v. 39 in the average

U.S. community. Nonetheless, Parker has racked up an admirable record of arrests (of 268,567 offenses in 1964, his men apprehended 196,683 suspects) and has chased the Mafia all the way to Las Vegas.

A "Revolution Against Authority." In a way, Chief Parker is too successful. He is probably the most respected law-enforcement officer in the U.S. after J. Edgar Hoover. His published views on law enforcement, *Parker on Police*, are required reading for lawmen all over the U.S. At home, the very fact that he has survived three city administrations—and helped them to survive—gives him enormous power and prestige. Moreover, unlike most cops who are content to tend their roses or go fishing in off hours, William Parker (few call him Bill) is a compulsive and all-

boasted: "We are on the top and they are on the bottom."

Brutality is another story. Inevitably, Parker's men arrest a lot of Negroes. They commit a disproportionate number of the city's crimes and thus incur the cops' suspicion almost as a reflex reaction. Undoubtedly, Los Angeles policemen in ghetto districts do not go out of their way to cosset Negro suspects. Martin Luther King, after touring Los Angeles' Negro districts, declared: "There is a unanimous feeling that there has been police brutality." Yet no one—not even the 1962 Civil Rights Commission delegation—has been able to cite any specific evidence of flagrant physical brutality.

Remarkable Restraint. The most critical moment in Parker's career probably came during the early stages of



Governor Brown, Mayor Yorty & Chief Parker

Political quibbling, shots from the lip, but brutality was something else.

too-articulate public speaker who tends to view contemporary history through the eyes of such moralists as Jeremiah and Sophocles and Swift.

Inevitably, Chief Parker's moralistic judgments make the newspapers. His favorite theme is that morality and respect for the law are the world's last hopes of survival in an era of ethical collapse that is leading only to socialism. As he puts it: "There has been a worldwide revolution against constituted authority. A police officer is the living, physical symbol of authority, and so it is against him that this resentment is frequently directed. It is hard for me to believe that our society can continue to violate all the fundamental rules of human conduct and expect to survive."

"Monkeys in a Zoo." Parker's running comments are blunt and impolitic, and he is often accused of shooting from the lip. He said that the riots started when "one person threw a rock and then, like monkeys in a zoo, others started throwing rocks." And when the rioters were temporarily under control, he

the riots. With remarkable restraint, he bowed to the advice of Negro leaders and pulled his police out of the riot area—only to see the chaos worsen. When he sent his police back in, they came equipped with tear gas—and strict orders not to use it until authorized. Even then—though he had discussed calling out the National Guard with Mayor Yorty—Parker did not formally request the Guard until the next day. "Millions of dollars in damage would have been averted had the National Guard been called in sooner," says California Guard Commander Lieut. General Roderic Hill.

Not all Angelenos are denouncing Parker; by last week, more than 2,000 telegrams of congratulation had poured into his office. Perhaps the frankest Negro comment on the brutality charge came last week from a 19-year-old school dropout who ran with the rioters through all four days of the Watts uprising. "I wouldn't say that police brutality started it," he allowed, "but it was a good alibi."

ALABAMA

Death in the Black Belt

Lowndes County, in the heart of Alabama's Black Belt, was once the home of wealthy planters, a gracious land of pillared mansions and fertile cotton fields. Today it is a gritty collection of cattle farms and dying towns living in a hand-me-down past. When the present intrudes in the form of civil rights demonstrations, its people are apt to react with savage intensity. It was in Lowndes County that Detroit



VICTIM JONATHAN DANIELS

"Get off my goddam property!"

Housewife Viola Liuzzo was gunned down last March as she drove down U.S. 80 to pick up Selma-to-Montgomery marchers. There, too, last week shotgun blasts killed a 26-year-old Episcopal seminarian from New Hampshire and critically wounded a Catholic priest on a street in Hayneville (pop. 800). Both were civil rights workers.

Dead was Jonathan Myrick Daniels, a graduate of Virginia Military Institute ('61), who was studying for the ministry at Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Mass. After taking part in the Selma-to-Montgomery march, Daniels had gone back to Cambridge to finish the school year, then returned to spend the summer working with the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity in Selma. His companion was Father Richard F. Morrisroe, assistant pastor of Chicago's Saint Columbanus Church, who had gone earlier this month to Birmingham to attend the Southern Christian Leadership Conference convention.

"Black Bastards!" Both victims were among 29 civil rights demonstrators who were arrested Aug. 14 at nearby Fort Deposit after they had picketed stores, demanding equal job opportunities for local Negroes. After being held for nearly a week in the county jail at Hayneville, they were unexpectedly released one afternoon last week. As they waited outside the Hayneville courthouse for a ride back to Selma,

the group began "singing and demonstrating and creating general disorder," as Lowndes County Solicitor Carlton Perdue put it. Then Daniels, Father Morrisroe and two Negro girls strolled across the street to Varner's grocery store to get something to eat.

Standing near the doorway was Tom Coleman, 55, a state highway engineer and part-time deputy sheriff, who had come to investigate the owner's complaint that the rights workers were causing a disturbance. Coleman carried a .12-gauge automatic shotgun. According to one of the girls, Ruby Sales, 20, Coleman shouted at them as they approached the store: "Get off my goddam property before I blow your goddam brains out, you black bastards!" With that, she said, he opened fire.

"Funny Look," Daniels was cut down where he stood. Father Morrisroe turned to run and was shot in the back. Said Jimmy Rogers, another rights worker who witnessed the shooting: "Jon was lying on his back absolutely still. He had a funny look in his eye so I left him alone. Richard was yelling, 'Water, water, water' and rolling around on the ground. I tried to hold him still. There were about ten white people in front of the store. They told me that if I did not get out of there, the same thing would happen to me."

Coleman was taken into custody, questioned and charged with first-degree murder. Next day he was released on \$12,500 bond. County Solicitor Perdue, who will prosecute Coleman when he comes to trial, remarked that the demonstrators would have been "living and happy today if they'd been tending their own business." Said he: "Instead, they decided to do some picketing and singing. They went down to this store, and the man down there just let 'em have it, so to speak."

THE SOUTH

Squeezing the Trigger

"Early reports indicate extensive and encouraging voluntary compliance with the new act," began U.S. Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach. "Regrettably, however, such responsible compliance is neither uniform nor complete." With that, Katzenbach last week ordered federal voting examiners into five more "dead-end" counties in Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi; in all, federal registrars were now at work in 14 Deep South counties that have failed to comply with the new Voting Rights Act. In three of the five new counties, more than 100% of all voting-age whites were on the voting rolls, while as few as 4.6% of the Negroes were registered.

Katzenbach was spurred to action by the fact that while federal examiners were registering an average of 1,900 Negroes a day in the nine counties originally selected for action under the act's "trigger" formula, local registrars elsewhere were still turning away or intimidating most would-be voters.

Police in Mississippi's Amite County

pointedly photographed Negroes waiting to register, menacingly asked them who their nearest white neighbors were. In Georgia's Baker County, a civil rights worker was knocked down seven courthouse steps by the sheriff when he brought Negroes in to register. In Mississippi's Oktibbeha County, a Negro woman who asked the sheriff for directions to the courthouse was gruffly told, "We don't let Nigras vote here." The locked door to the registrar's office in Alabama's Lee County bore the sign "Back Sept. 1," and the office in Mississippi's Rankin County was closed because the circuit clerk has been "ill." In some counties, local registrars processed whites ahead of Negroes, then slowed to a snail's pace. In others, they let Negroes through the door only to propel them right back out after advising them to come back in 30 days to see if they had passed "the test"—though the new act bars the use of any kind of test to determine voting eligibility.

In Louisiana, Plaquemines Parish Boss Leander Perez urged whites to offset Negro voting gains by "rushing to the registrar's office." His plea had scant effect. In New Orleans, where there are 122,000 unregistered whites, the local registrar one day last week enrolled 386 Negroes—and 14 whites.

Justice Department officials were satisfied that about 50 Southern counties were making some attempt to comply with the law. South Carolina's York County, where more than 600 Negroes were registered by local officials in two days, was a notable example. But in most of the counties in the areas covered by the act—Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, Virginia, and 26 counties in North Carolina—progress was at best glacial. Even so, Katzenbach remained reluctant to order massive federal intervention in the hope that Southern officials would begin to see the light.



LOUISIANA'S PEREZ

"Regrettably, compliance is incomplete."

MISSISSIPPI

A Vote for Reason

"The poll tax won't keep 'em from voting," Mississippi's infamous Senator Theodore Bilbo used to snort. "What keeps 'em from voting is Section 244 of the Constitution of 1890." That section stipulated that voters—Negro voters, anyway—must be able to interpret a state constitution that, as Bilbo chortled, "damn few white men and no niggers at all can explain."

The requirement was largely responsible for the fact that Mississippi's Negro voter-registration rate is the South's lowest—6.7%. Last week Section 244 was as dead as slavery. By a majority vote of 130,832 to 49,330 or almost three to one, Mississippians overwhelmingly approved a new voting law that eliminates virtually the whole artificial apparatus of legalisms that has successfully disfranchised the Negroes in their state for nearly a century—including the requirements that a voter be of "good moral character" and be able to define good citizenship. Though Mississippians must still pay a \$2 state poll tax and show minimal literacy to qualify for the voting rolls, the first of these barriers is under challenge in federal courts, and the second has been circumvented by the 1965 Voting Rights Act, under which federal registrars can enroll anyone without regard to literacy. Thus it is only a matter of time before Mississippi's voting system is as liberal as any in the U.S.

"Federal Snoopers." Mississippians had good reason to change their constitution, since it patently could no longer be used to keep Negroes from registering. Nonetheless, in a state that has found endless ways to defy federal authority on racial issues, the new voting law is a signal victory for Governor Paul B. Johnson. Though he won office two years ago on a segregationist platform, Johnson has since tried to lead his state along a more moderate path.

He cut off state funds to the white Citizens' Council, welcomed the visiting U.S. Civil Rights Commission. Last June, when it was plain that Congress would pass a voting rights bill, Governor Johnson called a special session of the legislature and submitted the proposed constitutional amendment. The Senate went along, but the House balked, twice voted it down, endorsed it the third time around only after Johnson threw all his prestige behind the bill.

Stumping the state from Biloxi to Neshoba County, Johnson urged ratification of the amendment in language the crowds could understand. "I would prefer," he said, "that our own registrars retain responsibility over qualifications and voting rather than see them swept aside and replaced by federal snoopers in every county of the state." Ratification of the amendment, he declared, would be "a vote of confidence in our lawmakers and will show the rest of the

nation that Mississippians are reasonable people."

Tool of a Tool. The Ku Klux Klan, in a desperate attempt to block popular ratification, vilified the Governor in language that, in his words, "would make a back-alley degenerate ashamed of himself." The Klan even accused the Governor of being a Communist, on the convoluted theory that the Communists had made a tool of President Johnson, who had made a tool of Mississippi's Senator James Eastland, who had made a tool of the Governor. Also hating



MISSISSIPPI'S JOHNSON
"I prefer our own registrars."

the amendment was the Association of Christian Conservatives ("neither Christian nor conservative," charges Johnson), composed of leaders of the state's John Birch Society, Citizens' Council, Women for Constitutional Government, and Americans for the Preservation of the White Race. On the eve of the referendum, however, the state's two U.S. Senators, Eastland and John Stennis, segregationists both, came out in favor of the measure, declaring that "such changes will place our state and county officials in a better position to minimize federal control of the registration of voters and elections."

The new law will not of itself exempt Mississippi from federal intervention under the Voting Rights Act. The state has yet to persuade the Attorney General or the U.S. District Court in Washington that it no longer practices voter discrimination, and registrars in many Mississippi counties are plainly paying little, if any, attention to the new state and federal laws (see previous story). Yet Governor Johnson says that he is confident that Mississippians "will try to comply with the new law as far as reasonable." And in any event, he firmly believes that the new Negro vote may have a decisive effect on the next gubernatorial campaign in 1967—in which Johnson's predecessor, Segregationist Ross Barnett, reportedly hopes to make a comeback.

AGRICULTURE

Buttering the Bread Tax

From his solemn mien and the badge pinned defiantly on his lapel, anyone who spotted Orville Freeman on the street in recent weeks might have concluded that he was rehearsing for a cigarette commercial. And in fact, though his badge, I WILL NOT ROW DOWN TO THE BREAD TRUST, was hardly aimed at the consumer, the Secretary of Agriculture proved as unswitchable as they come.

As Freeman explained it, he was merely defending the Great Society against "aggressive, go-for-broke special interests." Specifically, he was battling for a new, cash-enriched farm bill whose most controversial provision was a 50¢-per-bushel increase (to \$1.25) in the special subsidy paid to farmers for high-grade domestically consumed wheat. The only snag was Freeman's notion that wheat processors should subsidize the increased subsidy by paying the entire 50¢ increase themselves.

Household Word. Far from howling down to Orville, the milling and baking industries banded together with unions in an outfit called the Wheat Users Committee. Led by Maurice Rosenblatt, an astute professional lobbyist with a green thumb for controversy, the committee printed 5,000,000 pamphlets attacking the proposed "bread tax," a phrase that became a household word overnight. The pamphlets, distributed free at supermarkets around the U.S., explained that if the wheat plan were passed, housewives would soon be paying more for bread as well as for flour, crackers, cookies and cereal. Before long, outraged mail against the wheat plan started deluging Capitol Hill.

Freeman fought back tooth and nail, wrote to every member of Congress, and denounced "the most bitter, most irresponsible, and most heavily financed attack ever aimed at farm and food legislation." Many Congressmen, while naturally leary of supporting anything that smacked of a bread tax, were almost as perturbed by Orville's increasingly vindictive attitude toward the baking industry. "We should hear in mind," cautioned Illinois' Republican Representative Paul Findley, "that Secretary Freeman's office often becomes a propaganda mill and his statements are not always reliable."

Expendable Item. Administration officials also became fearful that the wheat issue might jeopardize the entire farm bill. Freeman took a count of the House, claimed that 210 members—only eight short of an absolute majority—would vote for the bill as it stood. In more objective surveys, House Majority Leader Carl Albert and White House Legislative Aide Larry O'Brien both

—They already have to absorb the current 75¢ subsidy. The increase, added to the basic support price of \$1.25, would guarantee farmers a \$2.50-per-bushel price for wheat they grow under federal acreage allotments.

realized that the bread-tax issue would cause major defections; they figured 170 votes for the bill at most. As Massachusetts Democrat Thomas O'Neill said: "I do not intend to reduce the excise taxes on diamonds, to reduce the excise taxes on automobiles, to reduce the excise taxes on jewelry, and then to put a 2¢ tax on bread so that every housewife in America will be irked at each member of Congress."

"To lose a farm bill over this one item would be stupid," reasoned a top House Democratic leader, and the party's high command agreed. So on the eve of the farm-bill debate, Freeman got the news. Instead of saddling millers and bakers—and housewives—with the subsidy, the Government would foot the bill. The cost: between \$150 million and \$250 million a year. The House then passed the bill, 221 to 172, and sent it to the Senate.

the *pas de Dirksen* failed to enlist support against the Administration bill requesting \$1.5 billion to extend the war on poverty—the pending business of the Senate.

Veto Power. As passed by the House, the bill 1) authorized an expenditure of \$1.9 billion, \$400 million more than the Administration requested, and 2) stipulated that any decision by a Governor to veto community action, neighborhood youth corps or adult-education programs in his state would be subject to review by Sargent Shriver, director of the Office of Economic Opportunity. The bill was fine by Senate Democrats, but the Republicans had different ideas.

Colorado's Peter Dominick, who thought it "absolute nonsense" to double funds for a program that "is so beset from the beginning to the end with problems," proposed an amend-

Nelson Rockefeller and Pennsylvania's William Scranton could use the veto power with a view to discrediting the poverty program. "These Northern Governors will screw this thing up so bad they can blame it all on Johnson," he charged. "This is a segregationist amendment. I understand that. I'm a segregationist boy."

Long's pungent prose helped the amendment's defeat by a narrow 43 to 42. Also defeated was Republican Javits' "two-hat" amendment, which would have forced Shriver, who leads the Peace Corps as well as O.E.O., to shed one of his two posts in the interests of efficiency. After four days of such debate, the battle-weary Senate approved the bill, with an authorization of \$1.6 billion, 61 to 29; it now goes to a House-Senate conference for negotiation of dollar differences.

In other actions, the Congress:

- Broke, after 14 House-Senate conferences, a nine-week deadlock over the 1965 foreign aid bill. In its final form, the bill authorizes \$3.36 billion for aid in fiscal 1966, only \$20 million less than the Administration's request. Most of the compromising was done by the Senate conferees, who dropped their demands for a two-year aid authorization (rather than the current one-year program) and a special planning committee to review the program. Grumped the bill's archfoe, Oregon Democrat Wayne Morse: "A complete surrender to the House."
- Reported, out of the Senate Appropriations Committee, a Defense Department appropriation for the current year of \$46.7 billion, including the \$1.7 billion asked by President Johnson for the stepped-up war in South Viet Nam.
- Confirmed, by voice vote in the Senate, the nomination of former Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Anthony J. Celebrezze as a judge on the U.S. Court of Appeals.



DEGAS'S NON-DIRKSENESQUE DANCERS
Dancing derision on the Senate floor.

THE CONGRESS

Pas de Dirksen

Senate pages rubbed their eyes in disbelief. In the galleries, tourists gaped. There on the floor of the U.S. Senate was Republican Leader Everett Dirksen, twirling around on tiptoe in an impromptu ballet solo. "Boys and girls, sit down," Dirksen ordered in mid-vashay. "We are going to show you how to operate a trucking enterprise. Get yourself a good look. We will show you choreography. Get yourself a good look."

Ev was not deranged but derisive. He was protesting the use of \$52,018 in last year's anti-poverty program to give 480 needy teen-agers from Gary, Ind., a preview of potential occupations ranging, according to a Government hand-out, "from trucking to choreography and from graphic arts to oil refining." Still piouetting as he addressed an imaginary teen-age audience, Dirksen cried: "You may be allergic to ballet dancing, or driving a truck, or operating a filling station, but have a look anyway. Be fascinated just to look at work." Even

ment to whack \$553 million off the bill. Michigan's Pat McNamara, the bill's floor manager, argued that O.E.O. "is a new agency, in operation less than a year, designed to meet a gigantic problem—that of reducing poverty in the United States. To expect that there would not be problems in administration would be unreasonable." Dominick's amendment failed, 51 to 40. An amendment by New York's Republican Jacob Javits would have provided for public hearings on any disputed veto; it lost in a 45-45 tie.

Pungent Prose. Almost as startling as Dirksen's solo was a speech by Majority Whip Russell Long, who rose to attack another amendment that would have granted Governors the right to veto community-action programs only. Giving the South's segregationist Governors such lopsided veto power over anti-poverty programs, said Louisiana's Long, would expose them to unbearable pressures from "the Ku Klux Klan on one side" and "the Negro crowd" on the other. Long also charged that Northern Republican Governors such as Michigan's George Romney, New York's

DEFECTORS

The Chinese Lawyer

In the twelve years since the end of the Korean War, eleven of the 21 captured G.I.s who defected to Red China have come forlornly home. Last week turncoat No. 12 returned.* By comparison with his predecessors, ex-Corporal William C. White, 35, a Negro from Plumerville, Ark., had fared well during his 111 years behind the Bamboo Curtain. A high school dropout in Kansas City, White got a law degree in Peking, studied Russian and Chinese literature and worked as a translator. White also married a Chinese girl, who accompanied him with their two children aged six and four.

Unheralded, they simply strolled across the Lowu border bridge between Red China and Hong Kong, announced that they wanted to enter the British

* Four others are still there; one died in 1954; one reportedly went to Belgium; the whereabouts of the remaining three are unknown.

Crown Colony as transients bound for the U.S. Later, at a press conference, White insisted: "I still have not betrayed my country. I have always been an American. I still am an American." As for the four remaining defectors, White said that they, too, will "eventually decide to leave."

Peoples U. The Chinese apparently decided to give White favored treatment in hopes of making him a Communist mouthpiece for the "oppressed Negro." After he was captured near Pyongyang, in North Korea, a Chinese commissar informed him: "You have been liberated. You have come over to the side of the people." Nonetheless, White spent the next three years in Chinese prison camps. Other prisoners of war who returned home testified that White became an informer on his fellow-G.I.s. was rewarded by being given special privileges and a soft job as prison camp mailman. When the armistice was signed in July 1953, White had made up his mind to stay in China. "I'd come to feel the Chinese weren't as bad as we'd been told," White said last week. "I had been thinking to myself, 'What is all this Communism business about? I want to know.'"

Once in China, White was given two suits, an overcoat, four pairs of underwear, ties, and Russian-made shoes that didn't fit. He traveled first-class to Taiyuan, capital of Shansi Province, where he spent a year studying Chinese. Then he went to Peking, where he enrolled at the Chinese Peoples University, attended classes 18 hours a week and eventually was allowed to enter law school in September 1956. During his first year of law courses, White studied Hegel, Marx and Engels, later boned up on Leninist ideology, but was allowed to skip studies on Mao Tse-tung. It was at Peoples U. that White met and married Hsieh Ping, a classmate from Shanghai.

After graduating from law school

(for his thesis he wrote a history of Chinese law), White helped to try a few cases before the Chinese decided he would be more useful as a translator. In the next two years, White translated a volume of Winston Churchill's *History of World War II* into Chinese and the writings of Chinese Author Lu Hsun into English. He was paid \$115 a month and allowed the rare luxury of a three-room apartment with a refrigerator in what had once been an elegant residential district of Peking.

Confiscated Books. A year ago, White informed his superiors that he wanted to return to the U.S. "I'd finished my studies, which is one of the things I went to China for," he explained last week. "I wanted to come home, and I had always intended to return." Why had he waited so long? "I was married, and I thought about the difficulties of going home with a Chinese wife," he said. "I've been homesick, and I felt if I stayed any longer my parents would have died before I got back." Though White claimed that racial prejudice did not exist in Red China, he noted that one of his worries about returning to the U.S. was to find a place to live where his children would not be branded "mixed bloods"—*hun huach*—as apparently they had been in Peking. Finally, three weeks ago, White got word that he could leave. At the border last week, Chinese officials confiscated White's diary, law books and all but \$18.50 of his savings.

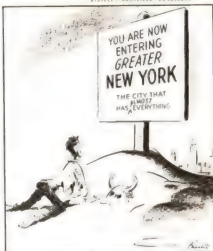
White feels certain that he will be able to enter the U.S. without difficulty, as the eleven other defectors have. The only grounds for exclusion would be evidence that he served in a foreign army, voted in elections or expressed allegiance to another country, all of which White denies doing. All he wants now, he says, is "to get home, settle down and find a job," which may not prove too easy—even for a Chinese lawyer.

NEW YORK

On the Rocks

New York City, sweating out the most serious water shortage in a century, was chided by Interior Secretary Stewart Udall last week for being "obviously laggard" in meeting the crisis. With all its reservoirs on the rocks, it was clearly too late to rush out and build new ones; in any case, there was no prospect of rain to fill them. Instead, the city reacted with a characteristic blend of hoopla, voodoo and Micawberism.

The Water Supply, Gas and Electricity Department churned out slickers admonishing: DON'T BE A DRIP—SAVE EVERY DROP. To save as many drops as possible, the city began enforcing stringent—and widely ignored—restrictions on the use of central air conditioning in offices and apartments. Though 110 inspectors fanned out to enforce the curb, the city issued a summons to only one



offender—the landlord of the local FBI office. The Water Department nabbed another kind of offender: the Parks Department, which was caught wet-handed sprinkling golf greens in dead of night.

A newspaper offered \$100 prizes for water-saving ideas and got some good ones (first winner: don't rinse empty milk bottles). City hall was bombarded with suggestions, among them a proposal to ban shaving and a surefire formula for rain: hang a freshly killed snake in a tree. Mayor Robert Wagner became enthusiastic over the possibilities of rainmaking after reading a newspaper story about a new electronic device that was said to have dumped torrents on parched Escondido, Calif. As it turned out, Escondido had received less rainfall than New York—half an inch since July 1. Undaunted, a Wagner team flew posthaste to California to investigate the invention.

Parishioners of Harlem's Fountain Springs Baptist Church invoked an older response to drought. Three times a day, their pastor instructed them, they were all to pray for rain. A less idealistic proposal was offered by Congressman William F. Ryan, a candidate for the Democratic mayoral nomination, who says Wagner should fire his Water Supply Commissioner for not fixing leaks in water mains. Just for emphasis, Ryan rolled up his pants and waded through one gusher in Central Park—he even drank some of the water—but the department said it was nature's water, not the city's.

The Administration, meanwhile, declared the hardest-hit sections of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware a disaster area, making them eligible for immediate federal aid—mostly in the form of well-digging and construction of new pumping and pipeline facilities. Northern New Jersey, which had been expected to run out of water in mid-November, and New York City, which faced the same fate in February, thus won a reprieve in which to devise new conservation methods, tap new water sources—and pray.



RETURNEE WHITE & FAMILY
Skipping Mao Tse-tung.

THE NEGRO AFTER WATTS

ANY Negro—literate or illiterate—who fails to vote in future elections will have only his own ignorance or indifference to blame. Unless democracy is a fraud, the new Voting Rights Act, which Mississippi Publisher Hodding Carter says is “secondary only to the Emancipation Proclamation and the surrender at Appomattox,” gives Negroes the power to force change as they never could before. And even before the enactment of this ultimate guarantee of what has long been the Negro’s constitutional due, other new laws have detailed his rights when he says “I want a room” at any motel, and likewise when he says “I want good schooling for my child,” even in Louisiana. The War on Poverty offers him assistance in getting a job and occupational training; Project Head Start provides catch-up preschool education for his kids. Yet just as the framework of civil rights laws gets its finishing touch among angry Negro cries from California: “I haven’t got a chance. Whitey is sitting on me. I can’t wait any longer. Burn, baby, burn!”

The hallowed counsel of the white man to the Negro has been patience—until at length the Negro was able to point out that he had been patient for one full century. The same counsel now has a more concrete content: patience, to let the new laws work, to let elections bring about the change implicit in all the stress on voting rights, to let the courts strike at anyone who discriminates in housing or jobs. This political weapon already feels good in the hands of many Negroes: those who form an effective voting bloc in Tennessee, those who have for the first time elected state legislators in Georgia. “The answer to police brutality,” says the Rev. Milton Upton of the Negro Ministerial Alliance in New Orleans, “is the vote.”

Against these hopeful and largely middle-class aspirations for the law lies the glowering distrust of almost all Negroes of the poor and angry lower levels. Everyone should have known, says CORE Chairman Floyd B. McKissick, that Congress could not “by one or two measly acts relieve 200 years of injustice.” A Southern Negro woman who moved to Los Angeles’ Watts district scoffs: “I always been votin’ since I got here. But what has it got me?” Civil Rights Leader Bayard Rustin interprets the Watts riots as signifying “a society where a Negro can show he is a man only by setting a fire”—all other channels supposedly being closed to him. A Charlotte Negro dentist argues that “when the white man says to me, ‘Look how fast you have come in such a short time,’ he is making a remark that is an offense to a Negro.”

Thus the setting of the capstone on the civil rights structure brings disillusionment to whites (“Isn’t that enough?”) and to Negroes (“Is that all?”). The mood of many Negroes in the late summer of 1965 ranges from letdown to rage. Many secretly or openly think that “violence is valuable” because “now people care about Watts.” “I’m as full of hate as a rattlesnake is of poison,” hisses a Negro in Montgomery. “There’s people walking around mad all over here,” an unemployed Memphis janitor says. A rich Harlem lawyer finds it reasonable that “anybody could get caught up in rioting like that.” The Rev. Albert B. Cleage Jr., one of Detroit’s most militant Negro leaders, reports that Negroes there “had a tremendous sense of sympathy and identity.” Across the U.S., more moderate Negroes, rejecting such words as hatred and anger, admit at least to bitterness.

Free, Black & 21

Whether he likes to be reminded of it or not, the Negro has made spectacular progress in the past decade; if he angrily refuses to look back over his shoulder to see how far he has come, he has nevertheless advanced along the road to full equality in U.S. society. Millions have achieved what Martin Luther King calls a “sense of somebodyness”—a new

self-respect and self-esteem. To say, “I haven’t got a chance” is to inflict a great self-injustice. There are at least 35 Negro millionaires in the U.S. Every sizable city has a large middle and upper middle class of Negro physicians, dentists, lawyers, judges and businessmen. They are just as interested in living in the “right” neighborhoods, traveling in the correct social circles, and sending their children to the best schools as are their counterparts in the white elite.

There are eight Negro federal judges, 100 city, county and state judges, four U.S. ambassadors, Thurgood Marshall, who recently resigned from the federal bench at the urging of President Johnson to become U.S. Solicitor General, represents the U.S. in the most important litigations before the Supreme Court. Carl Rowan, onetime Ambassador to Finland, only recently resigned as director of the USIA, where he was chiefly responsible for projecting the U.S. image abroad. Edward W. Brooke, attorney general of Massachusetts, is the highest elected Negro state officer in the U.S. Senator Leroy R. Johnson two years ago became Georgia’s first Negro state legislator since Reconstruction. Episcopalians John M. Burgess, son of a dining-car waiter, is Suffragan Bishop of Massachusetts; Dr. Middleton H. Lambright Jr., grandson of a slave, is president of the Cleveland Academy of Medicine. Leslie N. Shaw is the first Negro postmaster of Los Angeles. Historian John Hope Franklin is a professor at the University of Chicago.

Individual Negro incomes went up 54% from 1950 to 1960, and family incomes soared by 73%. The number of Negroes living in standard housing, compared with census-defined substandard housing, doubled in the same period. Negro-controlled insurance companies have doubled their assets since 1951; Negro commercial banks have increased their assets from \$5 million to \$53 million since 1940.

Martin Luther Who?

All of this adds up to a great deal of political, social and economic advancement, and a great many Negroes know it and take pride in it. But more than ever, after the overriding duty of thinking of all human beings as individuals, the U.S. must look upon Negroes as divided into two groups: a prospering level, committed to integration and possessed of a stake in society; and a slum level, mired in deepening ignorance, immorality and irresponsibility, and growingly enamored of a chauvinistic, equal-but-separate kind of segregation. This schizophrenia visibly affects Negro leadership. Understandable compassion for the poor leads even the most moderate leaders to play down Negro duties, play up white guilt; the extremists of Negro hatred get by unchided. Understandable embarrassment on behalf of the law-abiding middle classes leads the same leaders—generally after a riot has got out of control—to declarations that “violence must be deplored, but . . .” The vital counsel of patience is lost in the competition among leaders to say, “Baby, you’ve got the whole world coming to you now”—when the unalterable fact, as certain as the aging of a good bourbon, is that much time will elapse before all Negroes are free, black and 21.

In his play *Dutchman*, Negro Writer LeRoi Jones pits a decent, unbelligerent young Negro against a dirty-mouthed white girl, symbol of decadence and cruelty, and lets her kill him. In Jones’s *The Toilet*, eight Negroes abuse a white boy and then beat him up. During open-end discussions at Manhattan’s Village Vanguard last winter, Jones put an extra racial twist on the death of two white civil rights workers murdered last summer in Mississippi. “Those boys were just artifacts—artifacts, man. They weren’t real. I won’t mourn them. I have my own dead to mourn for.” Novelist James Baldwin writes that “to be a Negro in this country and to be relatively conscious is to be in a rage almost all the time,” and chose for a book title *The Fire Next Time*. Thus the

outward message from the opinion-forming Negro intellectual is intransigence, fury, violence, even though the deeper message is anguish. The Black Muslims promise to "get this white, blue-eyed gorilla off your back," and preach that "the only solution is complete separation."

Love and nonviolence, by contrast, is the overriding message of Martin Luther King, yet after the riot in the Watts section of Los Angeles, Governor Brown thought it prudent to discourage even King from visiting California. King went anyway—and thus inadvertently revealed that though he may be heeded and respected by Southern Negroes and Northern middle-class Negroes, he has little standing among slum dwellers. "Martin Luther who?" they asked. Neither the N.A.A.C.P. nor the Urban League has any practical influence over problem-level Negroes. Who, then, are the leaders in the slums?

Bobby Kennedy tossed up an answer: "The army of the resentful and desperate in the North is an army without generals—without captains—almost without sergeants." For this lack of responsible leadership he found a cause that most politicians are too polite to mention: "Too many Negroes who have succeeded in climbing the ladder of education and well-being have failed to extend their hand to help their fellows on the rungs below. Civil rights leaders cannot with sit-ins change the fact that adults are illiterate. Marches do not create jobs for their children."

At a recent National Urban League meeting in Miami Beach, both Hubert Humphrey and former U.S. Community Relations Chief LeRoy Collins also deplored the deepening gulf between the masses of Negroes and those in the middle classes. When he is reproached for not helping Negroes who are less well-off, the middle-class Negro usually explains that a Negro's views of the race problem depend on his economic level, and owing to different interests and needs, there are few common answers. So "the middle-class Negro," says one of them in Nashville, "goes out on the patio with a drink of Cutty Sark and says what the hell."

Negro Psychologist Dr. Kenneth B. Clark attributes the Negro's disinterest in other Negroes to "ghetto pathology"—which includes an unwillingness to make personal sacrifices beyond those already required by Negro life itself. Only last year, members of Sigma Pi Phi, an exclusive Negro fraternal organization known as "the Boule," debated whether it would be legitimate to donate \$5,000 to the N.A.A.C.P. The main argument against the proposal was that an important aspect of the Boule was to allow members to relax and escape continuous involvement with the problems of being a Negro. Those who argued for the donation, including a Negro millionaire, held that a Negro cannot find even a temporary isolation from being a Negro and to attempt to do so would be a flight into unreality. The issue was finally settled by a vote to contribute \$5,000 each to the N.A.A.C.P. and the N.A.A.C.P.'s legal defense and educational fund, with an additional \$5,000 for the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. It was understood that these donations were evidence of the group's desire to be relevant to the civil rights struggle, yet not inconsistent with the need of Negroes to find some shelter from racial bombardment.

Color This Face Purple

In his book *Dark Ghetto*, Dr. Clark describes how segregation, economic insecurity, and periodic unpleasant brushes with a white world that considers the Negro an inferior have led to some Negroes' having a complex and debilitating prejudice against themselves. The preoccupation of many Negroes with hair straighteners, skin bleaches and the like often illustrates this aspect of self-prejudice, just as a wholehearted attempt by other Negroes to emphasize their Negroid features and hair texture shows their pride in their "negritude"—a word currently in fashion in Negro communities. "Many Negroes live sporadically in a world of fantasy," says Dr. Clark. "In childhood the delusion is a simple one—the child may pretend that he is really white. When Negro children as young as three are shown white- and Negro-appearing dolls or asked to color pictures of children to look like themselves, many of them tend to reject the dark-skinned dolls as 'dirty'

and 'bad' or to color the picture of themselves a light color or a bizarre shade like purple. But the fantasy is not complete, for when asked to identify which doll is like themselves, some Negro children, particularly in the North, will refuse, burst into tears and run away."

Such neuroses, it is increasingly clear, are born in a climate of decaying family structure. A recent Department of Labor report points out that nearly a fourth of all Negro children born today are illegitimate; from 1940 to 1963, while the white illegitimacy rate climbed from 2% to 3.07% of all births, the Negro rate soared from 16.8% to 23.6%. No husband is present in 20% of the homes of "nonwhite" married women between the ages of 20 and 44. More than half of all Negro children have lived in broken homes at least part of their lives by the time they are 18. Dependent-children relief checks go to more than half of all Negro children at some time during their childhood, v. 8% of white children. Disintegration of families, said the report, is the principal cause of low IQs, the swollen crime rate, narcotics addiction.

As he reaches his teens, a stranger to home discipline, usually a school dropout with an atrophied IQ and no skills to help him get a job, the young Negro in the deep ghetto is incessantly told by Black Nationalists and civil rights demagogues that "The Man"—the white man—is responsible for his savage hopelessness. "The Man" has become a symbol of their despair, and "Get Whitey" has become their battle cry.

Opportunity Is for Seizing

Any Negro—literate or illiterate—who does vote in future elections will have to bear with the ordinary frustrations of democracy: broken promises, corruption, demagoguery, the essential voting weakness of a minority. Perhaps Negroes will at first elect a number of Adam Clayton Pownells. But Negro political influence will grow in outright victory of Negro candidates in constituencies where Negroes are a majority, in balance-of-power situations elsewhere, in the minds of vote-hungry politicians everywhere, in political combination with the majority of whites, who wish the Negro well.

So far the new laws have been chiefly the affirmation of the Negro's constitutional rights; only now is the U.S. moving into providing greater opportunities. Sargent Shriver's poverty warriors, for example, work for the Office of Economic Opportunity: one of the newest bureaus in Washington is the Equal Economic Opportunity Commission. The thrust of Shriver's program is toward creating employment and employable people, and its experiments may give guidance in determining what U.S. society and Government will do next for the Negro. For ultimately, opportunity is a good job—a job that lets a bent-down man lift up his head, marry, get a better house, form a self-respecting family, acquire the stake that damps the violent impulse.

But opportunity is society's only obligation, and the Negro has to reach out and seize it. The much-lamented dropout may indeed lack a "father image" of manly zeal, but in leaving school he makes his unwise choice against the advice of his teachers and the clear facts-of-life lesson around him. The N.A.A.C.P.'s Roy Wilkins, after giving the whites their lumps for "keeping the screws on," writes: "We will have ghetto upheavals until the Negro community itself, through the channels that societies have fashioned since tribal beginnings, takes firm charge of its destiny. Not its destiny vis-à-vis a cop on the beat, but its destiny in the world of adults."

Talking like a Dutch uncle even at the risk of suffering the cruel label of Uncle Tom, used by many Negroes to avoid thinking about the merits of moderation, Wilkins boldly argues that the Negroes' goal is to "rank at last as men among the world's men."

During LeRoi Jones' outburst at the Village Vanguard, a small, rotund, bespectacled man, shaken with emotion, arose. "As a Jew and a white man, I hear you," he said. "What do you want us to do? What on earth do you want me to do?" Jones hit a nihilistic bottom. "Do, man? There's nothing you can do!" Nonetheless, the bulk of whites, some consciously forgetting and some consciously remembering their fears after Watts, will continue to do something. But the Negro himself must do as much.

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Face of Victory

A new generation of Americans tasted major combat last week and passed the test. At daybreak one morning, three battalions of the 3rd Marine Division attacked some 2,000 crack Viet Cong troops holed up on a small neck of land just south of the Marine airbase at Chu Lai. By week's end the U.S. had fought its first large-scale battle since Korea and had won decisively. Smashed with the Viet Cong was the myth that the Red foe is invincible in the tangled underbrush of his homeland; smashed also was the myth that the U.S. can't fight on land in Asia.

For weeks the marines had been receiving reports that the Viet Cong were preparing the peninsula as a staging area for an attack on the Chu Lai airbase. Marine patrols had been sent out on almost daily probes around the peninsula's five coastal villages, all named Van Tuong, and last week a recon company brought back word that a large new force of V.C. had just arrived from the south. Within 24 hours, "Operation Starlight" had begun.

Backs to the Sea. The marines' object was to trap the enemy between the river (see map) and the sea, and they used every trick in the book to pull it off. One company of leathernecks crossed the river in LTVs to form a blocking force from the north. Two more companies made an amphibious landing on the peninsula's southernmost coast, blocking off the south. At the same time, three other companies were landed by helicopter in paddyfields at the back of the peninsula to the west. With their backs to the sea, the Viet Cong were trapped.

Offshore stood the helicopter carrier *Iwo Jima* and the attack-transport *Talladega*, each carrying additional marines, plus two destroyers and the mis-

sile light cruiser *Galveston*, whose six-inch guns provided heavy artillery support. From the air, two squadrons of Phantom II jets and five squadrons of Skyhawks dropped tons of napalm and bombs on Viet Cong positions.

It was a devastating punch, involving more than 5,000 U.S. ground troops; every one of them was needed, for the V.C. were tough and well dug in. "It was almost like Normandy," said one Marine commander. "They fought us from hedgerow to hedgerow. They weren't about to give up."

Call from Bull. Heaviest fighting began in the west, where Echo, Gulf and Hotel Companies of the 4th Marine Regiment's 2nd Battalion landed in helicopters and were immediately pinned down by automatic-weapons fire from a low ridge ahead of them. After two hours, Marine jets swooped in with rockets, and the battalion's tough commander, Lieut. Colonel Joseph ("Bull") Fisher, led a walking skirmish line up the ridge, with every third man firing from the hip. "Come on, you marines," yelled Bull Fisher as enemy bullets zipped past, "those ain't pinball machines firing at you."

Another company was choppered in to join the attack, and the V.C. pulled back and zeroed in their mortars on the ridge line. The first incoming round landed precisely on a marine's head, blowing him to pieces. Pinned down again, Bull called for a napalm strike. It turned the Viet Cong into charcoal sticks, and suddenly enemy firing ceased. A medical-evacuation helicopter landed on top of the ridge and took away the wounded.

Walking Bushes. But the worst was still to come. Less than a mile ahead, directly in the path of Hotel Company, lay the Viet Cong regimental headquarters, just outside the Van Tuong village complex. As the Americans—most of them under 20—advanced,



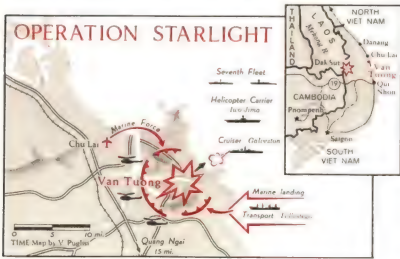
WOUNDED AMERICAN NEAR VAN TUONG
"O.K., let's do the job."

they ran into an almost endless tangle of V.C. entrenchments: blockhouses, concrete bunkers, fortified hedgerows and tunnels. "They were all over the place," said one squad leader, "but we couldn't see them due to their camouflage. They had full-sized bushes tied to their backs."

When Hotel Company called up tanks, the V.C. knocked them out with .75-mm. recoilless rifles. An armored supply column got lost, found itself deep in enemy territory. Suddenly, from all sides of the column came mortar and heavy-artillery fire. Three shells hit the leading tank, and when its driver tried to squeeze out an escape hatch, he was riddled with bullets. Three amtraks backed into a deep paddy and bogged down, a fourth was knocked out when a V.C. dropped a grenade down its hatch. "O.K., men, we're marines, let's do the job," shouted one young corporal, but as he climbed out of his amtrak to lead a counterattack, a bullet hit him between the eyes. The remaining marines finally made a stand inside two of the lumbering troop carriers, taking turns sharpshooting from their peepholes and splashing water on each other to relieve the sweltering heat.

By mid-afternoon a battalion of reinforcements from the *Iwo Jima* was helicoptered in to join the Hotel Company assault, and more marines came ashore from the *Talladega* at dusk. Still the Viet Cong clung to their positions.

It bit by the bitter, bright light of flares fired from the U.S. warships offshore, the battle for Van Tuong continued all through the night. One V.C. company tried to scramble down the cliffs and escape by sea, only to be blown to pieces by the *Galveston*'s guns. Another company tried to break through to the west and was burned to ash by napalm. Finally, shortly after dawn, the leathernecks smashed the Van Tuong stronghold and slogged ahead toward their



final goal, the beaches at the eastern end of the peninsula.

Smoking Scars. By mid-afternoon of the second day, all Viet Cong resistance had ceased. Boots, equipment and weapons were scattered haphazardly across the fields, and great black scars in the earth still smoked from napalm. The bodies of the enemy hung in pieces from trees and hedgerows or lay charred in their tunnels and caves. By week's end the marines had counted 567 Viet Cong dead, believed hundreds more were entombed in tunnels sealed with flame and explosives. U.S. Air Force planes killed an estimated 55 others when they attacked a band of 400 V.C. trying to sneak away from the peninsula.

The marines' death toll, although the heaviest yet suffered by any U.S. unit in Viet Nam, was less than 1% of the attacking forces. In all, some 50 marines were killed in the battle for Van Tuong, and another 150 wounded. And, reported one marine commander, "nearly 75% of them were shot in the back" from hidden V.C. positions they had passed without seeing.

The battle left the Americans with much to be encouraged about. In the past two weeks, the V.C. had suffered the most staggering casualty toll since they started the war: more than 2,100 dead, another 200 captured and an estimated 3,600 wounded. Moreover, Operation Starlight proved that by combining accurate intelligence reports, last planning and careful selection of where and when to fight, the U.S. can more than hold its own in Viet Nam.

Getting to Know Them

Two important travelers passed through Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airport one morning last week. Perhaps not entirely by coincidence, they did not meet. Flying in from the U.S. aboard a bright blue and white presidential Boeing 707 was the new U.S. ambassador to South Viet Nam, Henry Cabot Lodge, back after 14 months for his second

tour of duty. Bareheaded and smiling, the Brahmin promised his "best efforts" toward effecting a "true revolution which will make possible a new and better life for the Vietnamese people."

Departing a scant 21 hours earlier was Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, who might have been expected to wait around and say hello to the new U.S. ambassador—or at least nod in passing. No one was surprised at his absence, however, for Ky has long been sensitive to the growing U.S. presence in his country, loses no opportunity to vehemently affirm his independence. Lodge's arrival happened at a convenient time for Ky to take off on the second leg of an image-building trip to Formosa and Thailand.

In Taipei the dashing 34-year-old ex-fighter pilot had easily charmed the Nationalists, already flattered by his visit, with a show of boyish derring-do and conviviality, and had delighted merchants with purchases of trinkets and gifts for the folks back home, including 60 long-playing record albums and three pairs of blue jeans. On a tour of Kung Kuan airbase, 80 miles outside Taipei, Ky got permission from Chinese brass to take a test spin in an American F-104, spent five minutes diving and banking, then taxied smartly up to the reviewing stand erected in his honor. He met with top Nationalist officials, conferred three times with 77-year-old Chiang Kai-shek. Said Ky after his talk with the Gimo: "Regardless of the differences of age, these conversations were the most delightful of my life." In Bangkok he made the rounds of banquets and conferences with the Thais, who are fighting Communist harassment on their northern borders and are preparing for a possible guerrilla war of their own.

Despite hints by Formosa, which still has the third largest army in Asia (400,000 men), Ky was not after troops for his embattled nation, sought instead economic and technical aid—and—most important—the psychological support of other Asian countries. To these limited aims, the Nationalist Chinese and Thais responded enthusiastically. Ky was so satisfied with his first round of image-building abroad that he will make more trips in September. Next stops: the Philippines, Malaysia, Singapore and South Korea.

INDONESIA

Down with the Beatles!

President Sukarno's Anniversary Day speeches are usually something to behold. His head bobbing furiously, a finger jabbing at the sky, he loves wild histrionics that send crowds into chanting, clapping frenzies. But last week as 60,000 gathered before the canopied platform at Merdeka Palace, Indonesia's ruler put on a strangely muted, flat and uninspired show. He called his speech "Reach for the Stars," but it did not get off the ground.

Perhaps it was because he had nothing

new to say. He spoke grandly of attacking the "imperialists" with a "Djakarta-Pnompenh-Hanoi, Peking-Pyongyang axis," which sounds like an airline route but is nothing more than a dream that he has often toyed with in the past. The speech confirmed continuance of Sukarno's far leftward drift. With Red China's Foreign Minister Chen Yi sitting near by as an honored guest, Sukarno predictably ripped into the U.S., pledged "active support" to the Viet Cong guerrillas in South Viet Nam and threatened to nationalize U.S. oil and rubber interests that are already under government control. U.S. Ambas-



SUKARNO & CHEN YI
Reaching for the stars.

sador Marshall Green heard him out in stony silence.

The Reminder. Sukarno also referred to the recent military coup in Algeria, and he may well have been worried by the obvious parallels. "The fall of Ben Bella," he cried, "should serve as a reminder to every leader that the moment a leader puts a distance between himself and the interests of his people he will certainly topple."

Wistfully, Sukarno regretted that he could not live for a thousand years, but "I pray that my concepts, my teachings, will live for another thousand years." Such incantations drew applause all right, but the crowd of 60,000 was the smallest and the most apathetic in Anniversary Day history. Perhaps by now skeptical of the ludicrous claim that Indonesia is developing an atomic bomb, the throng responded with dead silence when Sukarno threatened nuclear retaliation against his foes.

Though he looked fit and healthy in his fresh white uniform, gold-topped swagger stick and black Moslem cap, Sukarno had fallen ill twice during August, probably because of his chronic kidney trouble. During his recent trip to Europe, Viennese specialists urged an operation, but Sukarno is said to fear the scalpel, since his horoscope predicts that he will die by steel.

Rocky Robes. If Sukarno is ailing, he is certainly in no worse shape than his country. Food prices continue to



PREMIER AT SAIGON AIRPORT
Flying past the Brahmin.

soar. An egg that cost 2 rupiahs in Djakarta in 1961 now costs 170 rupiahs. In the past four months, prices have risen 50%. Sukarno is still grabbing for instant cures. When he was in North Korea recently, he was told that the Communists were making cloth from stones, and he has ordered his own experts to turn Indonesian rocks into textiles.

Sukarno's one alleged triumph—that he has united Indonesia's 103 million people—was deflated last week by news from South Celebes, where rightist Darul Islam rebels are fighting against the army. In Sukarno's newest acquisition, West Irian, Papuan tribesmen have also launched an insurrection.

Yet his followers are generally quick to do the Bung's bidding. In his Anniversary Day speech, Sukarno urged Indonesians to "wage a campaign against Beate music, cheap literature and crazy dances." In response, a crowd gathered before Djakarta's police headquarters and made a small bonfire of Beate records, comic books and U.S. westerns.

MALAYSIA

The Art of Dispelling Anxiety

The one place where Sukarno's speech (see above) was received with relief was in Malaysia. For the past two years, the Indonesian President has staged a "confrontation" that sought to bring down the federation by economic blockade and guerrilla infiltration. When Singapore seceded from Malaysia early this month (TIME, Aug. 20), Sukarno could have read it as an argument for the success of his hostile policy.

But Sukarno was noncommittal about Singapore's new status: he merely commented that Malaysia was "beginning to fall apart from the inside." British officials, who have been supporting Malaysia with 50,000 troops and a sizable fleet, thought it likely that Sukarno was waiting for a lead from Red China. They also noted that there have been no significant Indonesian attacks since Singapore's secession.

Defensive Proviso. Like many divorced couples, Malaysia and Singapore have been getting on better since the separation than before. Though now independent, Singapore honored its defense commitments by sending half of its two-battalion army to replace a Malaysian detachment in Borneo, thus demolishing whatever prospects Singapore may have had of reconciliation with Indonesia. Singapore's Defense Minister Goh Keng Swee declared: "Our defense is indivisible," and Malaysian Prime Minister Tunku Abdul Rahman clapped him on the back, saying, "We will do or die together."

Ministers of the two states are holding a series of meetings on economic cooperation, as well as preparing to negotiate with Britain the rewriting of defense treaties. Singapore seems certain to retain the economically important British military bases, with the

additional proviso that they will be used for defensive purposes only.

Shored Remains. Meanwhile the Tunku was busy shoring up what remains of the federation. Clad in bush jacket and white straw hat, he flew to Kuching, capital of Sarawak state, where politicians were a bit miffed that the Singapore secession had been arranged without consulting other Malaysian states. After some explaining, Abdul Rahman assured Chief Minister Stephen Kalong Ningkan and his Cabinet that they were vitally needed in the federation. Ningkan, well aware that Sarawak lacks the resources to support itself if independent, said Rahman's visit should "do a great deal to dispel whatever anxieties our people may feel." As the Tunku flew on to Sabah to give it a similar reassurance, his trip was given an oil-rich lining by reports that the tiny but well-heeled sultanate of Brunei, which had refused to join the federation in 1963, was now reconsidering its decision.

Pakistanis, India struck back last week by occupying three deserted Pakistani outposts on the Kargil ridge line (see map). Not far away, Pakistani artillery was reported to be shelling the road to Leh. Kashmir's Governor Karan Singh warned, "There is a limit to the patience of even the most patient country in the world. They are driving iron into our souls."

In New Delhi, the right-wing Jana Sangh Party wanted more than vague metallic threats. It wanted war—and now. Trains and buses brought adherents from as far as Jammu, north of Kashmir, and more than 250,000 saffron-clad demonstrators marched from the ancient Red Fort to Parliament, led by eleven huggers and 200 men on motor scooters. In unison, the throng chanted such slogans as, "Shastri, you cannot beg peace, you have to win it!" and "Tit for tat is the right policy against Pakistan."

Though strong in the streets, Jana Sangh was weak in Parliament. Its anti-government motion was overwhelmingly defeated, 262 to 17. Despite the new fighting in Kashmir, Prime Minister Shastri was determined to eradicate the causes of the old fighting in the barren Rann of Kutch where Indians and Pakistanis had clashed last spring. But he canceled the scheduled visit of Pakistan's Foreign Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto to discuss the Rann of Kutch because "no useful purpose" would be served.

Thus, the problem will automatically be put before a three-man tribunal. India and Pakistan will each select one member, while the vital third will be a man acceptable to both countries. The ruling Congress Party introduced a motion approving the Kutch agreement and giving Shastri a free hand to reach a settlement. It was accepted by Parliament, 269 to 28.

MIDDLE EAST

Journey to Jedda

President Gamal Abdel Nasser has for months sought an end to the bloody, three-year-old civil war in Yemen that would not carry with it the stigma of humiliating defeat for Egypt. An expeditionary force of some 50,000 Egyptian troops was not able to do the job. Neither was a series of palavers between delegates of the unstable republican regime of Abdullah Sallal and those of the royalist tribesmen fighting to restore Yemen's deposed Imam Badr.

Nasser finally decided to step in personally, last week swallowed his pride and journeyed to Jedda for face-to-face talks with Saudi Arabia's King Feisal. Feisal has been backing the royalists with money and munitions, just as Nasser has been backing the republicans, so if a swift solution is possible they should be the men to find it. In Cairo, where Egyptians are weary of a distant war that costs \$1,000,000 a day in addition to thousands of casualties, there was a



KASHMIR

Limit to Patience

The curious mountain war sputtered on. At Yusmarg, a tiny Himalayan village near Srinagar, Kashmir's summer capital, Indian police fought off a night attack by "hundreds" of Pakistani infiltrators armed with mortars, light machine guns and Sten guns. On the winding highway between Srinagar and Leh, a vital link to Indian forces manning the Communist Chinese border in Ladakh, a 14-man police detail guarding a wooden bridge clashed with night raiders.

Insisting that the mysterious marauders were part of a 3,000-man force of



FEISAL & NASSER 1964
Weary of a distant war.

gush of exultation. The daily *Al Akhbar* printed a cartoon showing Nasser riding a white dove to his meeting with Feisal in Jeddah.

Arab diplomats thought an agreement acceptable to both sides might include 1) withdrawal of Egyptian troops within six months, 2) a transitional government manned by a coalition of republicans and royalists, and 3) a promise of national elections. Nasser seemed ready to drop his long-insisted-upon title of the "Republic of Yemen" in favor of the "Islamic State of Yemen." But a major obstacle was Nasser's insistence that Imam Badr and his immediate family be banished in order to speed a reconciliation of the Yemeni factions. Yemen's royalists would hardly go along with that, though they might well agree to convert the Imamate into a purely religious institution without political power during the transition period leading up to elections.

AFRICA

A Conflict of Summits

It there is one thing the leaders of Africa's underdeveloped new nations have developed it is a taste for conferences—preferably full-scale, formal summits complete with swarms of presidential airplanes, motorcades sirening through flag-draped streets, and earphones for simultaneous translation. So far this year, there have been nine major conclaves on the African continent, and there would have been more but for the simple confines of the calendar. There is just no way for everybody to talk at once.

Faced with this fact last week was Algerian Foreign Minister Abdelaziz Bouteflika, who was on an urgent mission to Ghana hoping to clear the way

for the grandest conference of all, an Afro-Asian wangling. The affair, originally scheduled for Algiers in June, had to be postponed until Nov. 5 because of the overthrow of Ahmed ben Bella. But shortly after the new date had been set, Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah suddenly put off his own spectacular—the 36-nation Organization of African Unity summit—until Oct. 21, which was so close to the Algiers summit that many leaders might not be able to attend both. With a vast sum invested in an enormous modern conference hall and 65 presidential villas, Bouteflika had come to Accra to talk Nkrumah into setting a less conflicting date.

No dice. Nkrumah had spent even more summit money than had Algeria. His pretentious "Job 600," a complex of conference halls, office buildings, and a twelve-story, air-conditioned apartment house built for the Presidents and their delegations, was expected to cost at least \$27 million—2% of Ghana's entire national income last year. The Redeemer had ordered his summit's postponement only because Job 600 had not been finished on time. The O.A.U. was already unhappy at the delay, he told Bouteflika, and any further tampering with the schedule could ruin the whole thing.

Besides, said Nkrumah, showing the Algerian onto a plane, all of Ghana was being trained to be polite to the delegates. Radio Ghana had for months been broadcasting a daily indoctrination program entitled *Service with a Smile*, and the city's 800 taxi drivers had been sent to school for an intensive two-week course in basic French and elementary courtesy. The cabbies have even been ordered to make sure they stick to the proper attire: black trousers, white shirts and black ties.

UNITED NATIONS

Back in Business

The U.S. last week agreed that it was far better to preserve the United Nations as a forum for international discussion than to paralyze it in pursuit of a futile principle. "We are faced with a simple and inescapable fact of life," explained Ambassador Arthur J. Goldberg in his maiden speech in the U.N. "The consensus of the membership is that the Assembly should proceed normally. We will not seek to frustrate that consensus."

The issue was Article 19 of the U.N. Charter, which provides that members failing to pay their dues lose their vote in the General Assembly. The U.S. had argued that special assessments to pay for U.N. peace-keeping forces in the Middle East's Gaza Strip and the Congo were regular dues. Not so, said Russia and twelve other members, including France, South Africa and Belgium. Adamant, the U.S. let it be known as last year's General Assembly got under way that she would challenge Russia's

right to vote. Result: to stave off a showdown, the Assembly decided not to let anything come to a vote. The U.N. was stymied.

The reaction to Goldberg's graceful retreat was a worldwide sigh of relief. Whatever the validity of the U.S. position, almost no other nation was willing to sacrifice the operation of the U.N. to a feud between the world's constantly feuding big powers. The change in U.S. policy means that any further U.N. peace-keeping operations will depend on either voluntary contributions or the U.N. budget. But most of them have been financed by these methods anyway—Korea and Cyprus by donations, Kashmir and Palestine by the U.N. treasury. The Russians, who, according to U.S. figures, owe \$62 million in back assessments, have hinted that they would make a voluntary contribution to the deficit-troubled U.N. budget—provided, of course, that no one says they have to do it under Article 19.

GREECE

The Continuing Crisis

Greece tried out still another Prime Minister last week. It was far from clear whether the new man could solve the country's six-week-old political deadlock. He was 58-year-old Elias Tsirimokos, a onetime Socialist and Communist-frontier who only a few days before had deserted King Constantine's enemy, ex-Premier George Papandreu, to accept the King's invitation to form a government.

The new Prime Minister promised to seek an early vote of confidence, but at week's end he was still reshuffling his Cabinet in an attempt to gain more support in the 300-member Parliament: most counts put him still short



GREECE'S TSIRIMOKOS
Short of a majority.

of a majority. His selection ignited violent riots in Athens, as Papandreu's fanatic supporters, chanting "Out with the King," fought helmeted police in scores of bloody pitched battles, burned dozens of cars, and tore up paving stones as ammunition. With Athens in a frenzy, Papandreu hopped off to the boondocks to let the people there know about what he called "the attempts by the Royal Palace to set up a moribund government against the people's will."

WEST GERMANY

Judgment at Frankfurt

"Even if all the defendants were sentenced to life imprisonment, it still wouldn't be sufficient to expiate the deeds perpetrated at Auschwitz. For this, human life is too short." So spoke presiding Judge Hans Hofmeyer last week in Frankfurt as he sentenced 17 defendants whom a six-man jury had found guilty of murder or complicity of murder in the death of thousands of inmates at Auschwitz, the largest of Hitler's death camps.

Throughout the 20-month trial, the defense lawyers had argued that the accused were only "little men" acting on orders, and hence were themselves not responsible for the crimes. Demolishing that defense, Judge Hofmeyer declared: "It would be a mistake to say these men are not as guilty because they were only small cogs in the machinery. The man who pulled the trigger as well as the man who gave the order to fire is guilty." But he steered clear of broader questions of political or moral guilt, insisting on evidence of "concrete murder, precisely proved." Even so, there was evidence enough to sentence six men, including Wilhelm Boger, 59, the "Butcher of Auschwitz" (TIME, Jan. 17, 1964), to West Germany's maximum penalty: life imprisonment. To eleven more defendants went sentences ranging from 39 months to 14 years for complicity in the mass murders. Only three of the defendants were acquitted for lack of evidence.

GREAT BRITAIN

78 Days to Fame

"Your historic voyage has ended," boomed a bullhorn on the harbor master's launch to the sailor in the tiny dinghy. "Welcome to Falmouth!" Overhead a four-engine R.A.F. Coastal Command reconnaissance plane dipped its wings in salute. On the pier a crowd of 20,000 cheered wildly, a band struck up *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and the town's scarlet-robed mayor waited to extend official greetings. Said Robert N. Manry, 47, as he stepped from the smallest boat ever to cross the Atlantic nonstop: "I'm flabbergasted."

On the Tether. So was the rest of the world. Twenty-eight days earlier, Manry, a copy editor at the Cleveland

Plain Dealer, had quietly set out alone in the 131-ft. *Tinkerbelle* from Falmouth, Mass., for the other Falmouth 3,200 miles away, thinking no one would pay any attention. No one did until a fortnight ago, when it suddenly seemed possible that he was actually going to make it all the way to England. Then came the world headlines. Falmouth trawler captains gave up fishing to haul boatloads of journalists in search of the red-sailed dinghy; some reporters even clambered aboard to interview Manry at closer range. Then, heightening the drama, Manry went unsighted for a week before the last 55 miles to safety.

The Atlantic had not been easily conquered. Sudden gales blew the *Tinkerbelle* on her side; she hobbled upright because of her special flotation material. Manry napped during the day



MANRY & SON AT FALMOUTH
To risk everything or to sit.

and sailed at night so that he could signal away ships that might otherwise have run him down in the dark. Even so, he said, "ever so often some great steamer would come bearing down." On several occasions, he was washed overboard in heavy seas; each time he hauled himself back aboard by a lifeline that tethered him to the boat or by grabbing the boat's rigging. Worst of all were his hallucinations, the result probably of taking too many benzadrine pep pills. Once he imagined that a "monster" had invaded the boat's cabin and thrown his eleven-year-old son overboard.

Goodbye Backyards. Manry had dreamed of sailing the Atlantic ever since he first heard about open-ocean sailing as a small boy in India, where his father was a Presbyterian missionary. He bought the 36-year-old *Tinkerbelle* six years ago for \$250, completely rebuilt her, taught himself navigation,

and practiced long-distance sailing on Lake Erie. "There is a time when one must decide either to risk everything to fulfill one's dreams or sit for the rest of one's life in the backyard," he told his wife.

No more backyards for Manry. The Plain Dealer, which was scooped two weeks ago by the rival Cleveland Press about Manry's progress (TIME, Aug. 20), sent a bevy of reporters to serve as his escort. Autograph seekers stopped him on the street. Offers for books and magazine pieces have begun pouring in. Cleveland plans a hero's welcome when he returns home next week, and Ohio's Republican Congressman William Minshall has proposed that *Tinkerbelle* be placed in the Smithsonian Institution alongside Charles Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis*.

Doctor's Orders

Where do American TV shows go after the networks are through with them? One popular retirement resort is London, where the British Broadcasting Corp. is an eager client of last year's *Perry Mason* and Independent Television pays top prices for such rejects as *The Reporter*—which was so bad, even by the indifferent standards of U.S. audiences, that CBS dropped it in mid-series. American shows are so popular in Britain that ITV has always given them the choicest hours of its prime evening time.

No longer. Lamenting the "undue bunching of American and crime material immediately preceding the news," Lord Hill of Luton, chairman of the government-appointed Independent Television Authority, last week ordered ITV channels to rearrange their schedules. The new rules: "Between 8 and 9 p.m. on weekdays, not more than two programs a week should be American." Not that he was anti-American, explained Lord Hill, a physician who won fame a generation ago by dispensing friendly medical advice over the BBC. It was just that "the authority recognizes that this is an appropriate time for popular family programs, and wishes to see it occupied by programs of high quality."

"Unfair," wailed an ITV executive, pointing out that the BBC, which is unaffected by the order, was already showing *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* and had just bought a police thriller called *Z Cars*. And, although some critics cheered the ruling, it seemed unlikely that ITV's replacements would be much of an improvement. Most British commercial TV shows are faithful adherents of the mindless U.S. format, and the audiences seem to like them that way. "At 8 p.m. I do not welcome heavy discussion programs, political investigations or information about how to have a baby," wrote Evening News Columnist Beverly Johns. "Supper is over and I want to sit with my coffee and be amused."



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The plot thickens.



THE HEMISPHERE

THE ALIANZA

Reassuring the Neighbors

Preoccupied with Viet Nam abroad and civil rights and the Great Society at home, Lyndon Johnson has said very little lately about Latin America. Last week, on the fourth anniversary of the Alliance for Progress, he made up for that lack. He told the ambassadors from 18 Latin American countries, assembled in the East Room of the White House, that the ten-year, \$20 billion development program is near the top of his list. "This four years," said the President, "has been the greatest period of forward movement, progress and fruitful change that we have ever made in the history of this hemisphere. And that pace is now increasing."

Banners of Reform. In four years, the U.S. has handed out \$4.2 billion in grants, loans, goods and technical assistance—of which \$3.9 billion went to the OAS nations, and the rest to British Guiana, Jamaica and other smaller countries and colonies. In turn, Latin American nations have invested from \$22 billion to \$24 billion in development projects, and more than \$1 billion more has come from foreign lenders and international agencies. "Twenty-five million people—13 million of them little children—are now receiving food from the Alliance program," Johnson reported. "More than 1.5 million people have new homes. A million children have new classrooms, and 10 million textbooks have been produced." Even more important, "the banners of reform, of social justice, of economic progress have been seized by governments and by leaders and by parties throughout the hemisphere." Fourteen nations now have tax and

land reforms under way; ten nations have submitted full-dress development programs for *Alianza* study. As an overall result, Latin America's gross national product has spurred steadily higher over the past four years, rising as much as 40% in Nicaragua (see box).

The *Alianza* still has its problems, of course. In a recent report, the Inter-American Committee on the Alliance for Progress (CIAP) cited three key troubles: the slowness of some countries to execute reforms, poor local planning, and the declining market for basic Latin American commodities. President Johnson proposed action on several CIAP recommendations. The U.S., he said, "stands willing to help" in the economic integration of Latin America. (This week in Buenos Aires, the Inter-American Development Bank will launch an economic integration study unit—its first branch office in Latin America.) As for sagging commodity prices, Johnson promised to strengthen the international coffee agreement and seek ways to stabilize the cocoa market. That very afternoon, he added, he would ask Congress to eliminate the 1¢-per-lb. sugar-import fee—which would guarantee Latinos another \$40 million a year in sugar revenues.

A Major Milestone. Latin American diplomats warmed to L.B.J.'s words, calling the speech his most forthright and successful yet on the *Alianza*. Dr. Carlos Sanz de Santamaría, CIAP chairman, said it "marks a major new milestone in the Alliance for Progress." It also assured Latin America that the U.S. is prepared to support social and economic progress throughout Latin America, regardless of its commitments and involvement elsewhere in the world.



PAPA DOC (IN GLASSES) & WIFE
For sale: babies, 40¢.

dollar aid, maintains only the most *pro forma* diplomatic relations. His own people regard him with horror. Yet through murder, terror and voodoo mysticism, Papa Doc has set himself up as "President for life" and wields unshakable control over his tiny country. Unlike the smoldering Dominican Republic, which occupies the other half of the island of Hispaniola, Haiti is filled only with deadening silence as hope drains away and the country lapses deeper into a zombie-like trance.

Ruin & Starvation. Haiti has always been poor. Now it is getting poorer. Per capita income averages \$70 a year, per capita food averages 1,780 calories a day, and life expectancy is a bare 32 years—all three the lowest in the hemisphere. Illiteracy is 90%, and population density is 415 persons per square mile—both the highest of any Latin American nation.

The one paved road in Haiti, running north from the Port-au-Prince capital of Cap-Haïtien, is now in ruins, potholed with foot-deep craters that all but disembowel any cars and trucks that travel it. Construction on the \$40 million Arthibonite Valley irrigation project has stopped, and 30-ft.-high cacti choke the rich siltal fields outside Port-au-Prince. Bankruptcies are rising sharply in the capital, and in the countryside starving peasant mothers beg visitors to buy their babies for two gourdes, or 40¢ U.S., in hopes that the infants will survive. The country's once flourishing tourist trade has dwindled from \$5,000,000 in the 1958-59 season to less than \$500,000 last season. In many areas, tax collections are only 20% of what they were two years ago.

Bogeywomen. All the while, Duvalier's reign of terror continues. Shortly after coming to power, he organized his

HAITI

Crushing a Country

Some weeks ago, according to a story going the rounds in Haiti, Dictator François Duvalier sent a secret emissary to John Kennedy's grave in Arlington Cemetery. There the emissary collected a pinch of earth, a withered flower, and in a small bottle took a sample of air from the graveside. He then returned to Haiti, where he delivered the items to Duvalier. "Papa Doc," as Duvalier calls himself, wanted them for a voodoo incantation, hoping to imprison Kennedy's soul, make it subject to his will, and thus influence the U.S. State Department's decisions regarding Haiti.

The tale may or may not be true. But most Haitians believe it. They believe almost anything about Duvalier. In his eight years of power, the onetime country-doctor-turned-dictator has alienated almost every friend and neighbor. The U.S. has all but suspended

HELP & PROGRESS

(First two columns in millions of dollars)

	U.S. Alliance Commitments*	G.N.P. 1964	G.N.P. Increase Since 1960
Argentina	271.8	10,835	4%
Bolivia	194.4	689	31%
Brazil	960.8	14,175	16%
Chile	560.9	3,800	14%
Colombia	348.0	4,835	17%
Costa Rica	53.1	510	16%
Dominican Republic	160.1	824	25%
Ecuador	120.1	950	17%
El Salvador	76.2	765	16%
Guatemala	50.0	1,290	22%
Haiti	20.3	no statistics	
Honduras	29.8	455	13%
Mexico	482.9	16,150	23%
Nicaragua	40.9	465	40%
Panama	70.2	525	25%
Paraguay	37.3	356	10%
Peru	218.5	2,780	29%
Uruguay	35.0	no statistics	
Venezuela	188.9	6,146	17%

* Includes grants, loans, technical aid, Peace Corps, and Food-for-Peace.

tonton macoute, meaning bogeymen in Creole, a vicious, plainclothes gestapo that collects taxes and blood money from merchants, tortures and murders suspected anti-Duvalierists. To help the *tonton* in their grisly business, there is now even a ladies' auxiliary—the *fillette lolo*, a group of pistol-packing molls who are just as predatory as their male counterparts.

Last year a handful of Haitian exiles made their way into the country and tried to rally the peasants in revolt. Nothing came of it. "Doc will stay in power," said a Haitian army officer in a Port-au-Prince bar. "The people know that they will be killed instantly if they get out of line." He slammed his fist on the table. "Like that," he glowered, "we will crush anyone who causes the slightest bit of trouble." And like that, Papa Doc is slowly crushing the life out of his forlorn little country.

PERU

Escalation in the Highlands

After three months of fighting in the remote Andean highlands of central Peru, the Communist bands that President Fernando Belaúnde Terry once dismissed as a "mere fiction" still operate. They are now a recognized fact of life. The constitutional guarantees suspended two months ago, putting the country under a form of martial law, are still suspended. Last week the Peruvian Congress went a step farther by authorizing military courts to impose the death penalty on captured guerrillas, and voted \$7,400,000 to step up an already major operation against what the lawmakers called "imperialistic Communist aggression."

A Military Swarm. At first, the Peruvian government thought that rural police units could handle the Communists. It turned out to be too big a job, and now the army has taken over. The departmental capital of Huancayo, 120 miles east of Lima near the heart of guerrilla activity, swarms with soldiers and military vehicles. On nearby airfields, military transports land with supplies, while helicopters and bomb-laden twin-jet Canberra bombers stand ready for take-off. In the field some 1,500 soldiers—advised by U.S. anti-guerrilla experts—are committed against the Red terrorists.

In a coordinated attack earlier this month, Canberra bombers swept in to blast a guerrilla stronghold near Pucutá, a tiny village 90 miles from Huancayo. Ground forces overran the encampment, killing 20 guerrillas, but another 40 managed to escape. A few days later, another will-o'-the-wisp band of guerrillas attacked the village of Sapito, only 70 miles away, killing two policemen and a civilian before fading back into the hills.

Indian Fatteners. The best estimate is that the guerrillas are in four bands, totaling possibly 1,000 men, and strongest in the area around Huancayo. Their

leaders are Communist professionals: Guillermo Lobato, 34, a Peruvian trained in insurgency in Cuba and Red China and reported to have fought with the Viet Cong, and Castroite Lawyer Luis de la Puente, 36, wanted in Lima for a 1962 murder. The terrorists preach the usual Communist line about capitalist exploitation and free land for all, attempt to counter the government's own considerable efforts at aid and social reform among the Indians by warning that free flour is distributed merely to fatten the Indians, the better to make soap of them later.

While the agitators have so far largely eluded the government's troops, they have at the same time failed to provoke a popular uprising among the masses. Few of the Indians have fallen for the line. Those who have joined up have responded to a more down-to-earth approach: payment of 1,000 soles, or \$37, which in the highlands of Peru is more money than an Indian ordinarily expects to see in a year.



FEI INSPECTING DAMAGE



RAIN-WEAKENED BRIDGE NORTH OF SANTIAGO

First earthquakes, then winds, then floods, then avalanches.

CHILE

Winter's Toll

Chile's able President Eduardo Frei has one of the most ambitious and soundly reasoned development programs in Latin America—if he can ever get started. Nature seems to be conspiring against him. Last March, after only five months in office, Frei faced a major rebuilding program when an earthquake ravaged central Chile, killing 210 people, leaving some 18,000 homeless, and causing damage amounting to \$80 million. Last week a saddened Frei again toured disaster-stricken streets, taking the measure of the worst winter in modern memory.

Howling in from the South Pacific, a succession of violent storms with 65-m.p.h. winds has been raking a 1,000-mi. central strip where lowland floods and Andean avalanches have already left 88 dead, scores injured, some 90,000 homeless. On the Andes' eastern slopes in Argentina, more avalanches have killed another 43. In Chile the

most crippling losses hit crops, livestock and public property.

Becoming a Quagmire. The winter skies darkened last month, when ten days of rain turned central Chile into a sodden quagmire. Dirt roads, track beds and bridges were washed away. A fortnight ago, when gale-force winds slammed through Valparaíso and Santiago into the Andes, bringing more rains and blizzards, Chileans recognized a new national disaster.

In its first three days, the storm dumped 3.5 inches of rain—75% of the 1964 rainfall—on the lowlands and four feet of snow daily in parts of the Andes. Just before dawn one morning in Portillo, a fashionable resort 9,000 ft. up in the Andes, an avalanche hurled a reinforced concrete hut 60 yds. down the slope, killing five of 14 skiers asleep inside. In Santiago, the flood-swelled Mapocho River swept away thousands of slum dwellers' shacks, turned the city's broad avenues into raging streams. And the wind! In one school-

yard, a group of children stood paralyzed by fear as a furious blast of air lifted the roof of their school, then slammed it down in their midst. Three were killed; another seriously injured.

Seawall in the Street. North of the seaport of Valparaíso, two hills suddenly collapsed into mud, trapping a 700-passenger train between them. At Viña del Mar, seaside playground of rich Chileans, boiling waves hurled huge boulders from the seawall into the streets. Farther south near Valdivia, the naval ocean-going tug *Jaquero* was dashed against rocks and sank; 43 of 72 crewmen died.

At midweek the sun finally broke through the clouds over Santiago, and the worst seemed over at last. President Frei gratefully acknowledged emergency aid from the U.S. and other countries, and already a bootstrap effort had begun. All over Santiago last week, boy scouts and students were collecting money and clothing; the tags they wore on their coats read: "Together we shall rebuild Chile."

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PEOPLE

Beginning her movie career with 1962's *A Taste of Honey*, elfin English Actress **Rita Tushingham**, 23, played an illegitimate teen-age girl left pregnant by a passing Negro sailor and befriended by a young homosexual. Well, that sort of squalor was one thing, but when Britain's Associated Television offered her the part of an Irish country girl who turns to drink, Tush demurely demurred. "I simply don't know how to act as if I am drunk," she explained teetotally. "I have never been drunk in my life and don't expect I ever will be."

Roaring into Monticello, N.Y., in his custom-made lavender Bentley for a benefit basketball game, **Wilt ("the Stilt") Chamberlain**, 29, announced that he had brooded it over and would not, after all, accept \$250,000 from boxing promoters to become the world's high-

CHARLES COUGHERY



WILT & BENTLEY
High non-pug.

est pug (7 ft. 1½ in.). Instead, he will accept a \$55,000 annual raise, to \$125,000, to remain the world's highest-salaried basketball player. After he signed his new three-year contract with the Philadelphia 76ers, Wilt thought of a good friend and bitter rival, the 6-ft. 10-in. pillar of the Boston Celtics, Chuckled the Stilt: "I hope it upsets Bill Russell enough so maybe he'll quit."

Midnight in Jerusalem. Playwright James Baldwin, Negro Actress (*Raisin in the Sun*) **Claudia McNeil**, and the rest of the cast of Baldwin's touring *Amen Corner* arrived at Israel's new National Museum for a special post-performance visit. The others dutifully viewed the artifacts and prepared to leave, but Claudia had discovered the antique jewelry and stood mooning over the ancient necklaces, rings and Yemenite bridal costumes. "Leave me alone," she murmured as they tried to pry her away. "I'm staying here all night." Museum Director Teddy Kollek finally brought her out of the trance when he slipped on her finger a silver ring mounted with a 2,000-year-old iridescent glass

piece from the Roman ruins of Caesarea—a gift from Kollek's private collection. An expert later warned her not to wear the priceless ring in the sunlight, which might dull its iridescence, but Kollek smiled: "You go ahead and wear it. It will keep for another 2,000 years."

In innocence, Moscow's Bolshoi Ballet accepted an invitation to add, at the end of its current English tour, a benefit performance for the Peace Foundation of cantankerous Pacifist **Bertrand Russell**, 93, campaigning for nuclear disarmament and U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam. In glee, the foundation announced its catch. In wrath, the Foreign Office insisted that the benefit was off because "in pursuit of better Anglo-Soviet cultural relations the government cannot allow Soviet artists to be involved in internal politics in this country." In embarrassment, the Bolshoi protested that that was the last thing it wanted. And in righteous indignation, the Peace Foundation made clear that it had got what it really wanted: attention.

"You have insulted my wife!" cried lurid Roman Architect Franco Pesci, 32, pasting young Gian Luigi Focati in the snout. The 19-year-old student promptly smashed him right back, and from then on it was a fine midnight brawl in the normally peaceful swankery of Sardinia's Porto Cervo. Tables toppled, glasses flew, and everyone in the bar angrily took sides in the argument over whether or not the student had insulted Franco's wife by asking her, somewhat drunkenly, to dance. Through it all, the lady sipped champagne and watched icily, until at last the bartender cooled everybody by firing a couple of shots into the ceiling. "You should have ignored the whole thing," simmered Actress **Virna Lisi**, 27, as she lured her bloodied husband back to their yacht in the harbor.

Dallas County Justice of the Peace Bill Richburg chomped on a cigar and asked: "Are you big enough to let the past alone?" **Marina Oswald Porter**, 24, smiled faintly: "Yes." It had been a strange 24 hours, in which Marina had her husband of eleven weeks, Electronics Technician Kenneth Porter, locked up in the same Dallas County jail where Jack Ruby awaits an appeal of his death sentence for the murder of her first husband, Lee Harvey Oswald. Marina accused Porter of slapping her, threatening to kill himself and menacing her with a .38-cal. revolver. When police would not immediately arrest him in their Dallas home, she cried: "What are police for, if they're going to let people go around shooting other people?" Porter claimed he slapped Marina only to calm her during a fit of hysterics, that he took the pistol out of a drawer to keep her from



MARINA & PORTER
Faint yes.

"harming herself" with it. Making peace finally, they agreed to Richburg's terms: find a marriage counselor, go to church and get the gun out of the house.

The London Sunday Times photographer walked over to the new 21-story Westminster City Hall near Buckingham Palace and asked permission to take some shots of London from the roof. "Oh, no, sir," replied the receptionist, photographers might take peeping-Tom shots of the Royal Family. Whereupon the Queen's brother-in-law, Antony Armstrong-Jones, the **Earl of Snowdon**, 35, sighed and left, packed up for a vacation with Princess Margaret on Sardinia as guests of Karim Aga Khan. No sooner had they arrived than a horde of *paparazzi* turned up for some peeps of their own. Karim gave the couple a squad of bodyguards and a set of walkie-talkies to keep in touch with them, but it didn't work. Tony's colleagues got all the shots they needed. *Noblesse oblige*.

VERNONA



MEG & SNOWDON
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Left: This is how the photograph at top was taken through 10 pieces of PPG Float Glass.

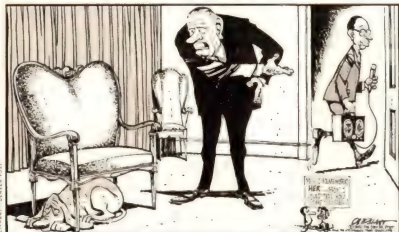


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THE PRESS



"WHAT HAVE I TOLD YOU ABOUT TALKING TO ARTHUR SCHLESINGER?"

Bobby had his version too.

CURRENT HISTORY

Trials of an Instant Author

Historians seldom make much news in the nation's capital, but Arthur Schlesinger Jr. has recently been vying with Viet Nam as Topic B (Topic A, of course, is Lyndon). The more some people think about it, the more annoyed they seem to get with Schlesinger's reminiscences of the Kennedy Administration, especially with his remarks that the Kennedys, Bobby as well as Jack, didn't really want Lyndon as Vice President, and his disclosure that Jack thought Dean Rusk was a nothing and was going to dump him.

Stern Rebuke. Ever since the articles, which are excerpts from his forthcoming book, appeared in LIFE, Schlesinger has been subjected to a barrage of snide cracks and serious criticism. Both have grown in volume rather than diminished, and now cartoonists are having a certain amount of aerobic fun with him (see cuts).

President Johnson, in an emphatic press-conference statement, came to the defense of his Secretary of State, and Schlesinger's onslaught seems to have left Rusk more secure in his job than ever. At a briefing for more than 130 Congressmen last week, Rusk got an unexpected standing ovation; and at a White House dinner for 100 businessmen, he got by far the greatest salvo of applause.

Schlesinger, in the meantime, was taking more and more lumps. Said Republican Congressman William Widnall: "I have always thought the mark of a truly liberal mind was supposed to be fairness to the individual, dislike for kicking a man when he is unable to answer because of his office, and distaste for commercial profit at the expense of others." Added Democratic Senator Gale McGee: "This is startling from a man like Schlesinger." Vice President

Humphrey joined the chorus and offered his own stern rebuke: "I think it has been harmful. I think it has been mischievous. I don't think it has helped the country."

The most severe scholarly criticism came from a fellow chronicler of Presidents, Political Scientist Sidney Hyman, who did much of the research for Robert Sherwood's *Roosevelt and Hopkins*, an intimate book about another President, based on his aide's notes and published after both were dead. To Hyman, Schlesinger's use of "the casual chitchat of a dead man" was "the height of historical irresponsibility." Said he: "A husband and wife can quarrel like cats and dogs and then make love and forget it. To build the incident into a historical thesis is unrealistic."

Discreet Deletion. When Schlesinger's articles first appeared, his rival Kennedy memoirist Ted Sorensen congratulated him in a letter: "I read your articles with admiration and envy. No one has shown that you impaired in any way the national security or even our national interest." Later, Sorensen apparently changed his mind and joined the chorus of critics. "It is not in the national interest," he said at a press conference, "to destroy a man's influence and usefulness." To show that he was as good as his word, Sorensen promptly deleted from the galleys of his own book a remark of Kennedy's which made clear that he was thinking of changing his Secretary of State in 1964.

Schlesinger, writing furiously to complete his book, was impervious to all the criticism. "I couldn't care less," he said. "I do not comment on impetuous reaction."

Bobby Kennedy's relations with Lyndon Johnson were none too good when the Schlesinger articles appeared. And Schlesinger's account of the Kennedys' dismay when Lyndon accepted the vice-



"THEN HE SAYS TO ME, 'I'M GONNA DUMP SCHLESINGER AFTER THE '64 ELECTION'."

presidential nomination did not improve them. He quoted Bobby as saying: "My God, this wouldn't have happened except that we were all too tired last night."

But Bobby is fully capable of writing his own version of history. Last week, in a speech at a Democratic dinner in Milwaukee, he denied that he and his brother had ever been cool to Johnson. "He's fulfilled all our hopes," said Bobby. "President Kennedy knew that Lyndon Johnson was committed to his programs, that he shared his dreams, that he was the best man to carry on this fight."

Puzzlement at the Times?

Verbatim lead of a story last week to the New York Times from its Washington bureau: "The report of a major success in Vietnam has underscored a question that has puzzled Washington this summer: Why is the war not going as badly as had been predicted?"

REPORTING

Confusion at City Hall

At 73, Cincinnati Post & Times-Star Reporter Charles Rentrop can more than keep up with his youngest competitor. He has been covering city hall since 1944, and there are those who claim he is the most influential man in the building. At meetings of the city council, he sits beside the mayor; and when the mayor is confused about something, Rentrop straightens him out. With an unfailing memory for names, dates and bills, Rentrop often corrects the council in debate, objecting that some proposal has already been enacted or is patently illegal. In the paper's city room, the only complaint is that he gives too many facts when he phones in his story.

Yet even Charlie Rentrop cannot keep up with the flood of news in to-

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day's big city. For all his versatility, Rentrop's kind of one-man coverage of city hall is fast disappearing. The Post & Times-Star now assigns additional reporters to cover city news, and papers elsewhere are enlarging their staffs to cope with increasing urban change: soaring population, urban sprawl, federal programs that touch all aspects of city life. "Before, you could just sit in the mayor's office and find out all you needed to know," says Wayne Whitt, the Nashville Tennessean's top city hall reporter. "Now the mayor is often trying to find out what is going on himself."

Seeing the Merging. To make sense out of this confusion requires a new kind of reporter. "You just can't have the old guy who has been knocking on doors for 20 years," says Davis Merritt, city editor of the Charlotte Observer. "You need a man versed in public affairs who can see the process of merging and growing."

Some newspapers have sent staffers to schools and conferences to bone up on the intricacies of city government; others have assigned reporters permanently to their city's urban renewal and anti-poverty programs. The Richmond Times-Dispatch is training reporters not to stick to a particular city beat but to move with ease from city to surrounding counties; its energetic city hall reporter, Ed Grimsley, roams the U.S. as well as Canada in search of novel solutions to city problems. The Milwaukee Journal runs a fat Sunday section, *Home*, which covers all facets of the city building boom; many of its stories spill over into the news sections of the paper. The Philadelphia Bulletin recently ran an eight-part series, "The Movers and Shakers," by Political Reporter John McCullough, who spent three months tracking down the true business and professional powers in the city.

Covering the Obvious. But in the majority of cases, newspapers are not doing nearly so well as they should on the city beat. "We ought to strike off in new directions," says Lloyd Wendt, editor of Chicago's *American*, and a onetime city hall reporter. "Unfortunately, we're usually kept so busy following the old traditions that it's hard to get the time and people to do anything else." The old tradition consists of covering the obvious story—the speech, the meeting, the announcement—and avoiding more intricate social and economic stories that really affect the city.

When Seattle Mayor J. D. Braman, concerned by his city's transportation problems, invited the local newspapers to send reporters along with him to study Toronto's rapid transit system, both papers turned him down. One told him to phone for an interview from Toronto. "Imagine!" griped the mayor. "A telephone interview to explain something as complicated as rapid transit. Yet when they captured that whale up in Canada, they could afford



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to have a reporter and a photographer stay away on that story for weeks."

First-Person Specialists. The problem facing all papers is how to master the journalistic problem of making complex city affairs as interesting to readers as tales of stranded whales. Larry Fanning, executive editor of the Chicago Daily News, who admits that no Chicago daily, including his own, successfully communicates city government to the reader, is about to appoint an "urban specialist," who will roam the city to "examine the quality of life in Chicago." Fanning is also instructing reporters to write more stories in the first person so that readers can feel personally involved. "I don't think we have a reportorial gap in covering city government," says Fanning. "I just don't think we've found out how to write about it. The problem is one of inadequate translation of major problems into terms that get through to people."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS Too Much Crusading

Writing with the authority of long service as a foreign correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune and *The New Yorker* magazine, Christopher Rand made no secret of his disapproval of the performance of his colleagues. While watching the overseas press corps cover a war in Asia, Rand became convinced that "the crusading or bellicose tradition of U.S. journalism goes badly with foreign reporting." On their foreign beat, he wrote, the crusaders seemed "more eager to put on an act than to right wrongs. Or perhaps they had fallen into mere hostility for its own sake. It seemed to me that some reporters out from the States were happiest when they had a devil to chase—when they could see a story in terms of someone's malfeasance."

Vietnam? Santo Domingo? No, Rand was writing about reporters in Korea, and about the press corps that had covered the earlier Communist takeover in China. Originally published in a 1954 issue of *Nieman Reports*, the magazine put out by Nieman Fellows at Harvard, Rand's comments have been reprinted in *Reporting the News* (Belknap; \$6.50), an anthology of such essays selected by former Nieman Curator Louis Lyons. Spanning almost 20 years, most of the articles now seem dated. Rand's modest faultfinding is as contemporary as the latest dateline.

"By role," wrote Rand, "a foreign correspondent is a commentator or analyst, not a crusader." What he needs is judgment, and historical perspective—attribution that are all too often lacking. In China, Rand recalls, even the ablest of the reporters seemed to spend just about all his time exposing corruption in the Nationalist government. While "you needed to know that various officials were grafting, and you needed to say so at the right times, you didn't have to make a sensation of it as it was



CHRISTOPHER RAND

Happiest with devils to chase.

only a detail in the chaos of the times."

In Korea, when "a medium high American officer was relieved of his command for what, so far as I could tell, was incompetence and nonperformance on a blatant scale, some of the homeside boys took this up and made him a martyr, ranting in paragraph after paragraph about the sins of the 'top brass.' I thought there was an air of needless controversy—professional hostility—about those reporters." Almost as if he were looking forward toward Vietnam, Rand concluded that the reporters were indulging in the same sort of "perfunctory muckraking, or imitation of crusading," that they thought of as so large a part of their job at home.

Ignoring L.B.J.

President Johnson has no trouble commanding the attention of the U.S. press, but occasionally he suffers a blackout abroad. Last week *Punch* rapped the knuckles of the London dailies for ignoring an important Johnsonian declaration. "The business of newspapers, as we all know," wrote *Punch* Press Critic Francis Williams, "is to report the news. But an interesting question arises, I think, from the British press reporting of a recent statement by President Johnson. How far are they justified in leaving out what they think their readers do not want to hear?"

What British readers did not care to hear, apparently, was a statement from Johnson that he believed the allies of the U.S. should send troops to Vietnam as Australia and New Zealand had done, and that he intended to ask them to do so. Most London dailies did not carry a word about it. While Johnson's request is "not likely to gain much support among the British public," said Williams, "ought not the press to have reported it had been made—even if editorially it then put the case against?"



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SHOW BUSINESS

BROADWAY

The Shape-Up

For years, while New York's city hall was just praying for rain, Broadway learned how to cope with its own drought problem—the dried-up reservoir of domestic drama. The producers simply discovered how to recirculate what they had (from novel to play to movie to musical to revival) and, even more important, how to tap the Thames. As a result, the Broadway theater may be, intellectually, the Great American Desert but it never fails to mount at least 50 new productions a year. Hopefuls of the coming season:

COMEDIES

"You have to be in love with the theater," says Henry Fonda, "to come back to New York on the ninth of August." Which is what Fonda did to rehearse for his first stage role in three years. It is William Goodhart's *Generation*, concerning the troubles of an account executive with his daughter (Holly Turner). Also succumbing again to the Seventh Avenue itch this year is Tom Ewell, as a gambler in *Xmas in Las Vegas*, by Jack (The Prodigal) Richardson.

Three others of this year's top bananas were chosen less for their Broadway experience than for their nightclub or Nielsen ratings. Cabaret Comic Jack Carter will appear as an expatriate screenwriter in London in *Come Living with Me*; TV Host Durward Kirby will be a fumbling philanderer in *Me and Thee*; and Alan King is applying his gift for Levittown levity to the role of a shrinking headshrinker in *The Impossible Years*. It is the first Broadway play by Groucho Marx's son Arthur.

Probably the most sexually complicated of the impending comedies is the import *Entertaining Mr. Sloan*. A boarder in English suburbia, Sloan is entertained for the first half of the year in the nymphomaniacal landlady's room, the second half in her homosexual

brother's—a situation that kept West End audiences laughing for six months and won the London Critics' Award as the best new play of 1964.

MUSICALS

If nothing else, musicals will be more expensive than ever. On a *Clear Day You Can See Forever* you can see from the orchestra for \$11.90. Of course, Broadway is lucky to see it at all. Alan Jay Lerner originally launched it in 1961, shortly after he had found a new collaborator named Richard Rodgers. But the two could not seem to make beautiful music together, and Burton (Finian's Rainbow) Lane superseded Rodgers. *Clear Day's* heroine, Barbara Harris, is a girl with extrasensory perception but blurred self-perception—which gives stage room for Louis Jourdan as her psychoanalyst. Another Harris (Julie) is being taught to dance by Choreographer Michael Kidd for her musical debut in *Skyscraper*, which was lifted loosely from Elmer Rice's twice-told drama *Dream Girl*.

The Theatre Guild is similarly gambling on a nonsinging actress, Geraldine Page, for yet another musical adaptation, *The Great Adventure*, which in its original incarnation was Arnold Bennett's 1913 novel, *Buried Alive*, and in reincarnation was the 1943 Monty Woolley movie, *Holy Matrimony*.

Other grist for the musical millwrights includes Marjorie Rawlings'

novel *The Yearling*; *Don Quixote*, to be known as *Man of La Mancha*; and Dickens' *Pickwick Papers*, which (as *Pickwick*) David Merrick imported from London last spring and cannily deployed on a pre-Broadway cross-country tour that has already nearly recouped production costs. *Auntie Mame* is being put to music as *My Best Girl* by Jerry (Hello, Dolly!) Herman; and Anya (nee Anastasia) is given voice with a score gleaned from themes by Rachmaninoff. Then there is a pair of transubstantiated movies: Federico Fellini's *Nights of Cabiria* will become Bob Fosse's *Sweet Charity* with Gwen Verdon. *The Blue Angel*, as *Sugar City*, relocates to New Orleans, with Walter Slezak and Lilo. The composer: Duke Ellington.

Director Joshua Logan explains: "It's so hard to get a good original story for a musical, and I'd rather do a good story three times than a bad one once." He is staging a musical rendition of William Inge's *Picnic* (which he previously directed for Broadway and Hollywood). It is called *Hot September* and stars Kathryn Hays and Sean Garrison.

DRAMA

The conversation piece of 1965-66 will almost certainly be last season's London sensation—*The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade*. The author is a German named Peter Weiss, just one of the foreign playwrights likely to lend savor and distinction to the season. They include John Osborne, whose *Inadmissible Evidence* was compared flatteringly by British reviewers to his *Look Back in Anger*. Then there is Christopher Plummer in Peter Shaffer's *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, a morality play and stage spectacular based on the conquistadores' betrayal of the Incas.

Producer Alexander Cohen and Greek Director Michael (Zorba the Greek) Cacoyannis are bringing in The



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Devils, an adaptation of Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudun*. With Jason Robards as the 17th century priest and Anne Bancroft as the prioress whose lurid accusations lead him to the stake, theater parties are buying early.

Edward Albee will be making his fourth annual on-Broadway appearance with *Malcolm*, a dramatization of Novelist James Purdy's black comedy tracking a 15-year-old's picaresque trail to destruction. Tennessee Williams will be represented by *Slapstick Tragedy*, which he calls "a pair of fantastic allegories on the tragicomic subject of human existence on this risky planet."

TELEVISION

Cut Short

Gypsy Rose Lee, who started her career by getting things off her chest, is back at it again. Only now she does it by quipping instead of stripping on a show taped by KGO-TV in San Fran-



GYPSY ROSE LEE

Censors now worry about her blip.

cisco. The censors plague her still, but now it is her tongue they worry about. Every time they think it has turned blue they press a button, and what she has actually said comes out "blip."

"The most deceptive woman I knew," she reflected, "even used to say 'ouch' when someone bumped into her blip [falsies]." Today's dances reminded her of "some African rite of blip [circumcision]." So far, her lip has been blipped at least 100 times. "It's beginning to sound like a razor-blade commercial," she complains happily. Unblipped, she sounds like a mildly bawdy grandmother. To her, the Golden Gate Bridge seems like "a great big glorious G string." She opined that Ernest Borgnine and Ethel Merman's wedding reception "lasted longer than the marriage." To get the kind of money Sinatra and Streisand earn for a performance, "I would have to have three of something."

Barely six weeks old, the show has already been syndicated to Los Angeles and Chicago, with at least four more cities set to join come fall. But the 51-year-old ex-stripper has no idea how long she will choose to stay. "It might turn out to be like my other love affairs," she says. "Short."

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THE LAW

JUDGES

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For all its wigs, gowns and black silk stockings, British law remains so anti-feminist that only 100 women have yet joined the country's 2,000 barristers (lawyers who plead court cases). Only four women barristers have yet earned the elite title of Queen's Counsel (senior barrister). Only one woman Q.C. has yet become a judge in one of Britain's nearly 400 county courts. Not surprisingly, the elevation of that same woman to the country's No. 3 tribunal, the High Court of Justice, has touched off a splendidly British protocol crisis.

Visually, Mrs. Elizabeth Lane, 60, will look little different from her male colleagues when she dons her gown and wig and joins four other new appointees as the first woman among the High Court's 62 justices. But the problem is: what should lawyers call her? "My Lord" seemed confusing at best, while traditionalists cringed at the sound of "Mrs. Justice." After grave deliberation, the Lord Chancellor's office has duly issued its decision: henceforth, Mrs. Lane will be Mr. Justice Lane, and may indeed be called "My Lord." "There simply isn't any precedent for calling a woman anything different," argued a harassed official. "We've taken what seems the least absurd decision."

His Lordship, Mr. Justice Lane, is also entitled by ancient judicial tradition to a bachelor knighthood. For women, the corresponding title that goes with the honor is Dame, but if ditches have their way, the new justice may be deprived even of that feminine distinction and wind up as Sir Elizabeth Lane.

Another 20,000 British lawyers (solicitors) do the vast bulk of legal work that never reaches courtrooms. Of those, 750 are women.



HIS LORDSHIP, ELIZABETH LANE
Mrs. Justice? Sir? Dame?



COLLIER COUNTY JURORS BEING SWORN IN
Guilty? Innocent? Acquitted? Trickery?

JURIES

Illiterate Peers

The 1965 Voting Rights Act has banished the discriminatory literacy requirements that disenfranchised Southern Negroes for almost 100 years. But one of the fruits of becoming a registered voter is eligibility for jury duty, and if a strange case in Florida's Collier County is any guide, Southern courts may now face a problem of more illiterate Negro voters (in addition to already illiterate whites) becoming illiterate jurors.

In the Gulf Coast town of Naples, a previously convicted white moonshiner named Thomas D'Andrea was tried last month for systematically cutting telephone lines to steal the copper wire. By all the evidence, each of D'Andrea's six jurors met the legal requirements: they were local citizens who had no felony convictions and were registered voters. They were also, as it happened, all Negroes, and D'Andrea thereupon wound up with what was reportedly the first all-Negro jury to try a white man in Florida.

When Foreman Melt Williams announced the verdict after two hours' deliberation, four white spectators distinctly heard him say, "Guilty." But the courtroom was noisy, and Judge Harold Smith apparently did not hear. He requested a written verdict. Someone had handed Williams a slip of paper, he had signed it, and it was brought to the clerk. It said: "Innocent."

No one was more surprised at D'Andrea's acquittal than Foreman Williams, who later insisted that all six jurors had decided on guilt, even though "some of the men said if we found this white man guilty, the judge would turn him loose, and he would come looking for us." Added Williams: "I can't read or write. I believe I was tricked to sign the wrong paper." Two other jurors agreed with Williams' analysis, but the remaining three swore that they thought

all six had voted for innocence. To compound the confusion, three jurors were illiterate, one could not sign his name, and none actually knew what Williams had signed.

Since a Florida D.A. cannot appeal in such cases, all the prosecution can do now is try to get the verdict expunged on the ground that a six-man jury must be unanimous. Then, if Judge Smith can resolve the issue of possible double jeopardy, D'Andrea may be retried. Ironically, illiteracy is unlikely to be an issue. Had the foreman signed the guilty slip in the same mistaken manner, D'Andrea could have raised that issue as a denial of fair trial. For the moment, though, he is delighted with the verdict of his illiterate peers.

INTERNATIONAL LAW

Crook's Tour

For 18 months, Britons on the lam have found complete sanctuary in Ireland—only a three-hour ferry ride away. Because of a yawning legal loophole discovered in 1964, Ireland has become a home away from home for at least three of the Great Train Robbers and more than 100 other British fugitives. Conversely, platoons of Irish crooks have been flitting safely to Britain—all because the two countries wrongly thought that no extradition treaty was needed between them.

Fugitives have sought asylum in other countries ever since the Hebrews' flight from Egypt. But international law still recognizes no right to extradition unless it is authorized by treaty, and such treaties impose rigorous requirements. For one thing, the requesting country must provide a convincing case that the fugitive committed a particular crime within the country's territory. For another, that case is usually governed by the asylum country's rules of evidence and other legal standards. If the fugitive is wanted for something that is not a crime in the asylum country, for example, he



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is highly unlikely to be surrendered. Most treaties also ban extradition for "political crimes."

Open Door. In the absence of a treaty, extradition is possible by "comity"—courtesy between friendly countries. Britain and Ireland have been swapping one another's fugitives ever since 1922 on the theory that Irish independence in that year did not abrogate laws that set up the exchange as far back as 1848. Each country's courts simply "backed" the other's arrest warrants as if they were domestic documents.

In 1964, however, Britain's House of Lords (acting as the country's highest court) discovered a fatal flaw in an Irish arrest warrant. According to an 1851 British law, the warrant required endorsement by an officer of the Royal Irish Constabulary, the British-paid police force that was replaced in 1922 by Ireland's own *Garda Siochana* (Peace Guard). Because the old constabulary was defunct, the House of Lords ruled that Irish warrants were no longer valid in Britain.

Weeks later, the Irish Supreme Court indignantly voided another old custom whereby the *Garda Siochana* backed English warrants in Ireland and "bundled" fugitives over the border to Northern Ireland, where waiting police hustled them off to trial in England. The court called this "a denial of justice" and a violation of the Irish Constitution. Since Britain and Ireland do not check the identity of travelers between them, the door opened wide for crooks to move as freely as commuters.

Empty Coop. Last week the Irish door clanged shut as a new law authorized any of the United Kingdom's 124 police forces to send warrants directly to Dublin, where the commissioner of the *Garda Siochana* will simply order the wanted man picked up and pucked off. In effect, the law restores the pre-1964 system, but with the vital difference that a fugitive claiming Irish citizenship gets a 15-day breathing spell to petition for habeas corpus in an Irish court. A pending British law will send Irish warrants to local British magistrates for endorsement, provide the same 15-day grace period and right of habeas corpus. Both laws will also deny extradition for debtors, political and military offenders, and for crimes that are not indictable in the asylum country.

Ironically, the Irish law was already so well publicized by the time it became effective last week that every major British lamister had long since flown the coop, leaving only about 70 penniless petty crooks to be extradited to Britain—and with glacial calm, British police had neglected to send effective warrants to Ireland for them. Indeed, Britain's own law still lacks the "royal assent" needed to make it official, leaving Britain's Irish fugitives safe for some weeks to come. When the new system does shake down, though, the crook's tour across the Irish Channel will apparently be ended forever.

A square foot big !



3 layers thick !

KLEENEX IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION

SCIENCE

SPACE

The Fuel-Cell Flight

(See Cover)

It was scheduled to be the longest space flight on record. It almost became one of the shortest. And the threat to the ambitious mission became doubly dramatic as the fortunes of Gemini 5 oscillated wildly last week between disaster and promise, perfection and near-fatal flaw.

Lift-off from Cape Kennedy, when it finally came, was timed to the second. The countdown clock had not been stopped once—a truly remarkable demonstration of cooperation between men and intricate machines. Rising above its roaring tail in textbook exactitude, the booster flung its capsule aloft with a heart-stopping burst of power. Ahead were eight orbital days—eight days that would, if all went well, teach man more than he had ever known before about the problems and possibilities of flight in space.

Bad luck seemed behind the spacecraft at last. Forgotten for the moment was the mare's nest of trouble that had postponed the flight for two days. Fuel cells running low on fuel, liquid hydrogen boiling uselessly away, telemetering equipment turned suddenly unreliable, fire near the launch pad, thunderstorms aloft—all seemed problems of the past. Now everything was going well: Gemini's orbit was incredibly exact. "Everything is fine," reported Command Pilot Gordon Cooper. "You are go! You are go!" exulted Astronaut Jim McDivitt, capsule communicator in the Mission Control Center near Houston.

Dropping Pressure. At 56 minutes after launch, Cooper began the mission's first important maneuver. By firing his aft thrusters at just the right moment for just the right length of time, he gave his craft a "kick in the apogee"

and moved it into an even more precise orbit. Curving between 107 and 217 miles above the earth, Gemini was now ready for its next test: release of the 76-lb. Radar Evaluation Pod (REP). Fitted with bright, flashing lights and radar transponders, the REP would be an orbiting target for a carefully planned attempt to check the techniques of docking vehicles in space.

But even before REP could be released, there was an ominous hint that the mission might be going sour once more. In the final minutes of the first revolution, as Gemini 5 came within range of the Guaymas tracking station in Mexico, Astronaut Pete Conrad made a calm, almost routine report. The pressure, he said, was dropping in the fuel cells' oxygen supply. The gauge that normally should have read 800 to 900 lbs. per sq. in. was dropping fast. Since the fuel cells were the main source of power for the spacecraft's communications, computer and environment control system, they were, in effect, the heart of the Gemini mission.

As yet untried in orbit, fuel cells were installed in Gemini 5 because they were smaller and lighter than the conventional batteries used on all previous space flights. Unlike conventional batteries, they can supply electricity for as long as they are fed their fuel—an ideal trait for long-duration power supplies. They produce electricity through the continuous chemical reaction of oxygen and hydrogen, and in the process they form water, a most valuable byproduct.

The cell's hydrogen and oxygen are both stored in spherical tanks in a super-cold liquid state. Warmed by electric heaters, they turn to gas, build up pressure and push themselves into the cells. And those heaters are among the least complicated devices on the spacecraft: a filament of gold-plated wire curving around the tank. The same type of device is a veteran of all the manned Mercury and Gemini flights, being used to convert liquid oxygen into gas for the astronauts to breathe. When oxygen pressure started falling in Gemini 5, it was a sure sign that for some reason electricity was not heating that vital filament.

Still Safe. Gemini soared into its second orbit. Over Africa, Cooper ejected the Radar Evaluation Pod precisely on schedule. Though the spring release tossed it out a little harder than anticipated, the mission still seemed safe.

But back at NASA's Houston control room, Flight Director Chris Kraft's ground crew was growing more and more worried about the unheated fuel for the fuel cells. The pressure kept falling: it was already dangerously low at 180 p.s.i. Because the radar, radio and computer would use up too much power, Chris Kraft decided against any further maneuvers with the pod. He went into a huddle with his fuel-cell engineers

Assured that the pressure was far too low for normal operation, Kraft immediately planned for the crew's safety.

Against the growing probability that the mission would have to be aborted early, he ordered four Air Force planes to move into position in the Pacific for a possible emergency splash-down some 490 miles north and east of Hawaii. A Navy destroyer and oiler in the vicinity were alerted to stand by. Radioed Cooper: "We've decided we're going to have to either re-enter early or else power down." Kraft promptly ordered him to shut off as many systems as possible. Was the rendezvous with the pod still possible? asked the astronauts. "We're working on a new flight plan for you," answered Kraft.

Anxious Quiet. Following instructions from Houston, Cooper and Conrad worked desperately to rejuvenate the balky fuel-cell system. Neither the automatic nor the manual controls for the oxygen tank heater would function. And getting at the heater itself was out of the question. Located in the adapter section, it was inaccessible to the crew. The astronauts flicked switches off and on again and again, trying somehow to stir the system into life. They maneuvered the spacecraft around so that its blunt end, which housed the fuel-cell system, would get the full impact of the sun's rays. But the sun was no help. By this time the astronauts had turned off the radar, radio, computer and some of the environment-control systems. They were consuming only 13 amperes of electricity—but that was all that the fuel cells were producing.

An anxious quiet set in as Gemini 5 swept over the Atlantic on the beginning of its third revolution. Along with most of the U.S., the astronauts' families huddled close to their TV sets, waiting for some word. Almost every-

LAUNCH OF PERFECTION

DAY OF POSTPONEMENT



one was convinced that the spacecraft would have to be brought down during the sixth revolution, before its orbital track took it away from the Pacific recovery area that would be its last convenient rescue location for many hours.

When the astronauts passed over the tracking station at Tananarive in the Malagasy Republic, they were called by Mission Control. Kraft, who usually passes on instructions only through the capsule communicator, went on the air himself. "What is your pressure reading now?" he asked. One hundred and twenty to 125 lbs., came the answer. "It looks like the rate of decrease is decreasing," observed Kraft, hoping to hearten the crew. He told them that airplanes were on their way to the Pacific recovery area, adding, "We hope we don't have to use them, but it will be a good exercise for them, and they'll be there if you need them." While they talked, though, the oxygen pressure dropped still lower—to 95 lbs. If it fell to 20 lbs., the spacecraft would have to switch to its back-up batteries, which produce just enough power to handle an orbit and a half, plus re-entry and recovery time.

Please Acknowledge. During the next pass over the U.S., the astronauts were ordered to cut off one of the two fuel cells, in the hope that the maneuver might help the ailing system. The fourth revolution was even quieter than the third. The astronauts were instructed: "If you have had a significant pressure rise, please turn your transmitter up and acknowledge." There was no acknowledgement. The pressure had leveled out at 71 lbs. The sixth revolution was coming up fast, and a decision had to be made soon. If recovery were delayed even one revolution longer, Gemini would not be over a convenient landing area for another 18 hours.

Kraft told Capsule Communicator McDivitt to raise the capsule on the radio and explain the problems and possibilities for going beyond the sixth orbit.

CraftCom to Cooper: I would like your opinion on going through another day under these circumstances.

Cooper: We might as well try it.

CraftCom: O.K. We will look at this thing for another orbit.

As Gemini 5 sailed off over the South Atlantic on its fifth revolution, Kraft faced his responsibility. Go? Or no go? Should he bring his ship down or reach for 18 revolutions? If he aborted the flight now, the astronauts would land in the Pacific recovery area where there were no helicopters within reach. At 18 revolutions, the spacecraft could splash down southwest of Bermuda, in the primary recovery area. The flight director called in his engineers, conferred with top NASA brass. Pride and prestige were involved; no manned U.S. spacecraft had ever failed to complete its planned mission. But Kraft, as ever, was the cool and deliberate flight engineer. He used every available moment



ASTRONAUTS COOPER (LEFT) & CONRAD INSIDE GEMINI 5
Mare's nest of trouble with a gold-plated filament.

to weigh every contingency. He ran a check of the spacecraft. All the key systems, such as cabin pressure, oxygen flow and cabin and suit temperature, were normal and running perfectly.

Why Settle for Six? By this time Kraft and his experts were satisfied that the oxygen pressure had stabilized at 71 lbs. With no further drop, the spacecraft would still have enough electricity for a "drifting flight." There would be power for only a few experiments, but the risk to the astronauts was slight. Said Kraft later: "We decided we were in reasonably good shape—that we had the minimum power we needed, and that there was a chance the problem might straighten itself out." Why settle for six, when 18 or more revolutions seemed possible? Chris Kraft relayed his "go" decision to the astronauts as they arced over Hawaii on their fifth circuit of the earth.

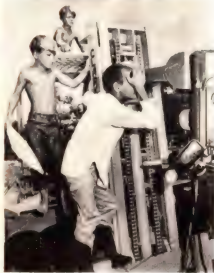
Calm & Steady. The decision was a matter of headbashed determination. With the guts to gamble after carefully considering the odds, Kraft and his ground controllers kept Gemini 5 up in the air, and they kept its chances of success very much alive. Their measured confidence in themselves, their machines and their spacemen was a testament to the considerable achievements of the space age—it was a reminder of how much man has learned about the arcane art of operating in the cold reaches beyond his own atmosphere.

The spirits of the Gemini 5 astronauts were buoyed by the chance to go on. For Gordo Cooper, 38, father of two, an Oklahoma-born lieutenant colonel in the Air Force and one of the original seven astronauts, the delays and difficulties had been a familiar part of the business. He had waited out a one-day delay before making his 22-orbit Mercury flight in Faith 7. To Pete Conrad, 35, though, it was all new. A Navy lieutenant commander and father of four, Conrad started flying lessons back home in Pennsylvania when he was only 13. It was, in fact, his first trip into space. But like Space Veteran Cooper, he was steady and calm. Shortly before the first launch attempt was scrubbed, he could joke about the gathering clouds and ask for permission to turn on the windshield wipers—which spacecraft do not have.

If Cooper and Conrad kept their aplomb, it was also obvious that theirs would be a silent journey. There was not enough power for the easy banter, wide-eyed exclamations and cheery hellos to Perth. The fuel cell was generating only 11 amperes of power, and the only systems left operating were the pumps to cool the spacecraft, the suit fans, the air-filtration fans, a power converter, the receiver that takes commands from the computer on the ground, and one radio receiver for getting messages from the ground. They turned on their own radio transmitter



MRS. CONRAD



CONRAD CHILDREN



COOPER FAMILY
No cheery hellos to Perth.

and radar beacon only when they crossed over the tracking stations.

Disappearing Pod. The Gemini 5 mission, to be sure, will not be able to accomplish everything it set out to do—no matter how many times it circles the earth. Because of the strict rationing of power, Gemini will be forced to forgo some of the 17 scientific, engineering and military experiments it was supposed to carry out. Though the rendezvous pod kept Gemini 5 company up until the eighth revolution, the astronauts were unable to do anything about it. Once, the pod was sighted within a thousand feet of the spacecraft. Another time, on the sixth revolution, Cooper reported: "That thing's right with us. It has been all along—right out in back of us." Then two revolutions later, on an order from the ground, Conrad turned the spacecraft a full 360°, looking for the pod. It had disappeared.

But the rendezvous exercise was by no means a complete failure. After the ejection of the pod, the spacecraft radar received the range of the pod for 43 minutes. This should furnish valuable data on the system's capabilities and limitations that will help Gemini 6 in its planned rendezvous and docking exercise next October.

Primary Objective. The more revolutions Gemini 5 makes, the more likely it is to fulfill its primary objective of determining the effects on man of long travel in space. Asleep or awake, at lift-off and in orbit, the two astronauts were constantly being monitored by the doctors at the Manned Spacecraft Center, led by Dr. Charles A. Berry, 41, the chief space-flight surgeon. Wavy lines flickering across the oscilloscope on the flight surgeon's console represented the astronauts' heartbeats. Data also streamed in giving their pulse rates, blood pressure and respiration.

Such medical monitoring is necessary to determine how well man holds up under the G forces of lift-off and re-entry, prolonged confinement in the cramped spacecraft, and the strange effects of weightlessness during flight. When Gemini 5 does come down, Berry plans to run both astronauts through the longest and most intensive post-flight medical examinations ever made thus far. Besides checking for dehydration, shifts in blood volume and possible decalcification of the bones, he is particularly concerned about the problem of orthostatic hypotension, which is created by weightlessness. The symptoms: a sharp increase in the heartbeat and a drop in blood pressure on return to earth. If sharp enough, they could cause the astronaut to black out. As an experiment, Berry fitted Conrad with a pneumatic, blood pressure-like cuff around each thigh. The cuffs inflate and deflate automatically for two minutes of every six during the entire mission. Thus, by impeding the flow of blood, they force the heart to pump harder and get its much-needed exer-

cise. If Conrad comes through in better physical shape than Cooper, who is not wearing the cuffs, Berry may have the solution to orthostatic hypotension.

The Longer the Better. With each revolution after the crucial sixth, the hopes at Mission Control soared. The flight of Gemini 5, they speculated, might go eight days after all. Relaxed and grinning, wearing a silver Gemini pin in his lapel, Chris Kraft held his first press conference of the mission. "We have reasonably good confidence," said he, "that we're going to be able to go on and complete the intended duration of this flight. He had just made one of the toughest decisions of his career, he was confident he had made the right one, and with each passing hour, each passing day that the spacecraft stayed aloft, he was proven correct. Gemini looked ready to finish its mission. "The longer we go," said Kraft, "the better off we are."

Conductor in a Command Post

One of the basic maxims of space travel, says Flight Director Chris Kraft, is: "If you don't know what to do, don't do anything." Then, if the problem does not correct itself, there is almost always time enough to take remedial action—as there was last week when the gremlins of Gemini 5 battled against the determined ingenuity, intelligence and hardheaded courage of crack U.S. spacemen.

Launch to Retrofire. Command post of the tense scientific conflict, where Chris Kraft and his crew matched wits with the unpredictable troubles plaguing a pair of orbiting astronauts, was the brand-new \$170 million Manned Spacecraft Center southeast of Houston, near Galveston Bay (see color). Started only three years ago, the center now has more than 30 completed buildings that rise like an attractive college campus above the dreary salt flats where scraggly Brahman cattle used to graze. Another 15 buildings are planned or under construction.

Inside the center, out of the blazing Texas sun, every corridor hums with space-age intensity. Besides directing spacecraft in flight and training astronauts, the Houston center also develops new engineering techniques and supervises the testing of every piece of equipment that will be used—from transistors to space-suit zippers to fuel cells. A vibration laboratory shakes the very innards out of equipment; a thermochemical complex tests rocket thrusters. In the simulation and training building, an astronaut can climb inside a spacecraft and practice all the functions of a mission, from launch to retrofire.

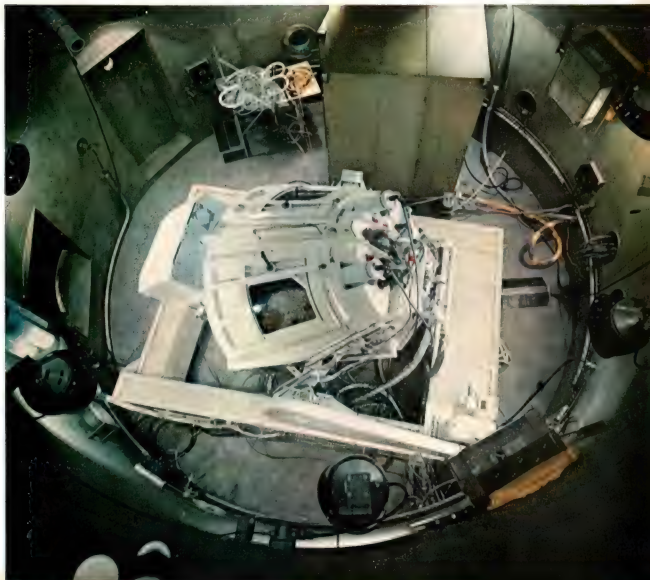
A computer-controlled centrifuge will soon be available to determine how crews and their systems stand up under the G forces of rapid acceleration. The world's largest vacuum chamber, which bulges into the shape of a 120-ft. stainless-steel beer keg and is big enough to swallow an entire Apollo moonship, will

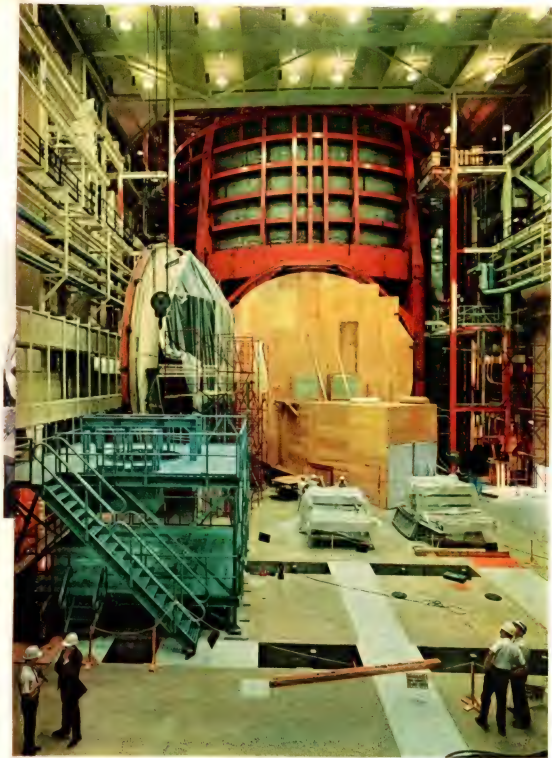
HOUSTON'S NEW SPACE CENTER

TESTING ENDURANCE of men and equipment takes preflight priority at NASA's Manned Spacecraft Center outside Houston. In physiology laboratory (right), man in coveralls tests liquid-cooled underwear for moon survival by walking a treadmill for two hours. In a small vacuum chamber (below), technician lives inside dummy Gemini capsule for 48 hours at the simulated height of 200,000 ft. to check out the environmental control system.



AP/WIDE WORLD





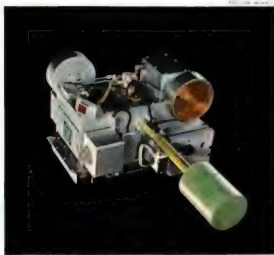
VACUUM CHAMBER, world's largest, rises 120 ft., has 40-ft. circular door (left). When completed late this year, it will hold an entire Apollo

mooncraft, enabling NASA to duplicate the vacuum of space at an altitude of 80 miles and at temperature ranges of plus or minus 260° F.





MOCK-UPS OF APOLLO, the moon-bound spacecraft, include the command module (*left*) in which astronauts will ride, the service module (*center*) housing the return rocket, and (*right*) combination of the two modules.



PRACTICE FOR RENDEZVOUS is the purpose of this 76-lb., 21 by 14 by 36-in. satellite. Called a Radar Evaluation Pod, it is designed to be ejected [into space] by Gemini 5, then chased and located using radar signals.

IMPORTANCE OF GS—the effects of acceleration in flight—will be measured by this giant centrifuge. Spinning motion created by the 50-ft. arm simulates 20 to 30 Gs.



DOCKING IN SPACE, the difficult maneuver of linking one spacecraft with another, is simulated in a blacked-out cavern of a room. Astronauts in a Gemini (*right*) practice

the complex problem of controlling the speed and attitude of spacecraft while matching orbits with an Agena rocket. Such an operation is scheduled for trial in space later this year.

go into operation later this year. At the edge of the space center, a field covered with heaps of steel-mill slag and pumice is used as a practice area for simulated exploration of a crater-pocked lunar landscape.

Operational heart of the whole place is Chris Kraft's Mission Control, a \$7,000,000 building crammed with \$100 million worth of electronic equipment. It is a mass of dull grey cabinets, closed-circuit TV equipment and banks of computers—all linked together by more than 10,000 miles of wire and 2,000,000 cross connections. The ground floor houses IBM 7094 II computers that monitor on-board systems of telemetry. On the second floor of the windowless structure is a master control room, with four rows of 20 consoles facing a huge world map on which the path of a spacecraft is projected. Above, on the third floor, is a second control room, permitting the center to run simulations of future flights while a real flight is in progress.

Missiles Went Ape. Each flight is, in fact, a preparation for the next—a check on technologies and techniques, a test of the men on the mission and the men behind the mission. And always it is source material for changes in the Mission Rules, the fat blue notebooks that Kraft has been putting together since the start of the Mercury flights in 1959. "We got plenty nervous during those first few launches," he recalls, "because we didn't know how to fly and we didn't know enough rules. All we knew was that missiles sometimes came off the pad and went ape."

With nine manned missions behind them, the flight controllers have accumulated an astonishing compendium of practical knowledge. "We're not Christopher Columbus," says Christopher Columbus Kraft Jr., with an almost angry pride. "We know a lot more about what we have to do than he did. And we know where we're going."

The Mission Rules book has fattened to 300 pages; a copy is available at each console at the control center. The 882 entries, subject to continuous review and revision, summarize all the known contingencies, all the possible malfunctions, all the "what ifs" of space flight. What if the control center loses voice communication? What if cabin pressure fails, or a hurricane closes in the chosen landing area? Last week all such questions faded in the face of the one big one: What if a relatively simple heater fails and vital fuel cells quit supplying necessary power?

Each flight controller must know all the answers that affect his special area. Kraft, whose retentive memory can still dredge up long passages of poetry memorized in high school, is an expert on the whole book. The fuel cell problem was exasperating, but Kraft was equal to handling it.

Public Confessional. Because he knows that putting book learning into practice is an art in itself, Kraft runs

his controllers through weeks of simulations before each launch. They practice at least a dozen aborts, a half-dozen re-entry simulations, and another half-dozen assorted orbital situations. No one in the control room, not even Kraft, ever knows just what problem has been programmed into the computer-run simulation system. Not until they are actually faced with the artificial emergency can Kraft's men be sure whether they are dealing with an oxygen leak, an unsatisfactory orbit, or a violently ill astronaut.

Sometimes the "sims," as they are called, involve only the Houston controllers working with a Gemini mock-up, a sort of space-age Link trainer. But as the real launch draws near, the astronauts climb into the Gemini simu-

not even be able to play any one of them. But he knows when the first violin should be playing, and he knows when the trumpets should be loud or soft, and when the drummer should be drumming. He mixes all this up and out comes music. That's what we do here."

Practiced Precision. To match his own cool, cool confidence, Kraft has gathered and trained a young (average age: 30), dedicated staff of 568 men—mostly engineers, mathematicians and physicists. For their new profession, they have an appropriately new name: aerospace technology. They take for granted long hours and many weekends on the job; their dedication can be measured by the fact that of the 500 employees who were in space-flight operations last year, only 27 have left.



KRAFT WITH MISSION RULES BOOK MONITORING LIFT-OFF
Matching wits with the unpredictable.

lator at Cape Kennedy and the entire tracking network joins in. Simulations are played through in deadly earnest. Once started, there is no stopping; if the controllers hesitate too long or make a mistake, they must work their own way out.

After each simulation, Kraft gets on the intercom to conduct the "wake." That debriefing, says John Hodge, a deputy flight director, "is a public confessional." Kraft does not hesitate to praise one man's performance or tear another's apart. And he is quick to acknowledge when he himself has made a mistake. "We're not being critical of each other for the sake of being critical," he says, "but so we can find out what went wrong."

Back of all Kraft's unforgiving perfectionism is always the knowledge that the final decision, the final responsibility, is usually his alone. "He's a virtual dictator," says Gene Kranz, the other deputy flight director, "which is the way it has to be." Kraft prefers to think of himself as conductor of a symphony orchestra. "The conductor," he says, "can't play all the instruments—he may

Of that number, only two men have left NASA altogether.

Controllers are split into three self-contained teams to keep a round-the-clock vigil. Kraft serves as flight director on the red team, which handles both launch and re-entry; he is always on call in a crisis when either the blue team, headed by John Hodge, 36, a British-born engineer and sometime glider pilot, or the white team, led by Aeronautical Engineer Eugene F. Kranz, 32, is on duty.

Working together with practiced precision, all of the teams stick to Kraft's patient maxim and do nothing when in doubt. But when the occasion demands, they are capable of making and executing quick decisions. During the powered phase of the unmanned Gemini 2 launch early this year, power at the old Cape blockhouse control room went dead. Kraft himself was in command, and he wasted not a moment alerting the tracking ship, *Rose Knot*, some 500 miles east of the Cape. "RKY," he snapped into the mike, "you're prime on control. We've had a power failure." About 45 seconds later, power



NASA'S MANNED SPACECRAFT CENTER NEAR HOUSTON

Test of technologies and techniques.

was restored, and Kraft's control of the flight went on successfully.

Impromptu Art. On almost every mission, such split-second decisions occasionally make space-flight control seem an impromptu art, a creation of the moment—or at least of the mission at hand. But while its rules trace back to the earliest Mercury flights, its practice goes back even further, to the X-1 experimental rocket plane tests conducted by the Air Force at Edwards A.F.B. in 1947. In those days, to be sure, the control center was nothing but a radio mounted on a Jeep. Later, telemetry was added, and for the X-15s, ground control was run from three stations across Nevada. At each step along the way, a young aeronautical engineer named Chris Kraft was contributing to the program with his work at Langley Field, Va., then a laboratory for the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA). He was learning his trade, acting as if the thought of doing anything else had never entered his mind.

Looking back, it seems almost prophetic that when he was born, on Feb. 28, 1924, in the small tidewater town of Phoebus, Va., he was christened Christopher Columbus Kraft Jr. (His father, now dead, was a finance officer at a veterans' hospital, and got his name because he was born in New York City in the year of the 400th anniversary of Columbus' 1492 voyage, the week of the dedication of Columbus Circle.) Young Chris grew up in a modest duplex in a tough part of Phoebus, played a good game of sandlot baseball and dreamed of becoming a big-leaguer. To this day, his most prized possession is a baseball he had autographed by Babe Ruth and Lou

Gehrig one hot summer day when he was nine years old. In high school, he handled mathematics with such facility that he decided to study engineering—in case he should fail to make the grade in baseball.

At Virginia Polytechnic Institute, which he entered in 1941, Kraft enrolled in the school's new department of aeronautical engineering. He was rejected for service in World War II because of a childhood injury that left his right hand scarred and slightly shriveled. After graduating from V.P.I. in 1944 with a .325 batting average, a B-plus scholastic average, and a fascination with the problems of aircraft stability and control, he went to work as a flight research engineer at Langley.

Working under Division Boss William Hewitt Phillips, whom Kraft credits as the man most responsible for his development as an aeronautical engineer and flight-test conductor, his first project was to help build a quarter-scale model of the X-1 to be dropped from a B-29 at 35,000 ft. to determine its ability to withstand the stresses of breaking the sound barrier. Rigged with sensitive instruments, the model measured and relayed the effects of near Mach 1 to engineers huddled in a couple of old trailers—one of the first uses of the telemetry that was to become so important in space-flight control.

Madder than Hell. Of all his NACA work, Kraft is proudest of a system that he and Phillips devised to smooth out flights in rough air. They redesigned an old twin-engine Beechcraft C-45 and fitted it with automatic controls that reduced the plane's lift when it was hit by an upward gust, increased it when hit by a down draft. The system worked well, but commercial aircraft builders

considered it too heavy and expensive—a decision that still infuriates Kraft. "It makes me madder than hell when I fly and have to bounce around," he complains. "I know it isn't necessary. And all I can see are the stresses in the wings."

While at Langley, Kraft married his high school classmate Betty Anne Turnbull. He had time in those days to play some semi-pro softball until Betty Anne insisted that he either improve or quit. He quit. He was also frustrated by the slow and relatively unexciting pace of work at Langley, became increasingly restless, and developed a serious stomach ulcer.

In 1957, Sputnik I supplied the needed boost to get the U.S. space program off its pad, and the newly created National Aeronautics and Space Administration began its talent hunt. Kraft volunteered. He was assigned to study the problems and needs of running ground operations for manned space flight. What he was getting into was a far cry from the crude trailers and optical trackers of his Langley days, but he was ideally suited for the job in both training and temperament. "There's a natural wedding between the technologies of aircraft test flight and space test flight," explains Dr. Robert Gilruth, Kraft's boss at Langley and now director of the Manned Spacecraft Center at Houston. Kraft even lost his ulcer in the satisfaction of his new duties.

Buffalo Steak. Now a veteran of 22 launches, he is calm enough about it all to leave his exciting job behind when he drives his 1963 cream-colored Chevrolet home from the Houston space center to his four-bedroom brick ranch house in the nearby village of Friendswood. He sees to it that his daughter Kristi-Anne, 10, takes piano lessons; he takes his son Gordon, 13, to ball games at the Astro-dome. He treats his wife to dinner out on Saturday evenings, takes the family to a nearby Episcopal church on Sundays, and tries to get in some golf when he can. When visitors drop in, he likes to tend bar, specializing in frozen daiquiris. An adventurous eater, he makes a point of ordering buffalo steak and chocolate-covered beans when such delicacies are available.

But all his calmness cannot begin to mask the pervading enthusiasm that he brings to the drama of charting new paths along a scientific frontier—a frontier that he sees expanding indefinitely. "We're going to find man flying in space for as long as a year some time in the future," he predicts. "The doom-and-gloom bit about man's inability to perform in a hostile environment has been vastly overplayed." His optimism, however, does not exceed his engineering caution. "We're doing all this within the realm of logic, precision and nature," he insists. "I don't look at my job for the romance I might get out of it. But I know that what we're doing is extremely important to the history, prestige and scientific development of this country."



Sorry, old boy, summer's over...

■ In another week or so millions of youngsters will be back in school. Chances are, most of them will be using Westab products, such as The Spiral[®] theme books, Blue Horse[®] notebooks, FavoRite[®] pencil tablets and HyTone[®] loose leaf papers that are so much a part of the U.S. schoolroom scene.

We feel for all the lonesome pets that will be left behind. But we're glad that young minds will be learning, stretching and growing again.

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EDUCATION



GOVERNOR VOLPE SIGNING BILL
Acridity made the law books.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Another First for Massachusetts

Massachusetts likes to remind its sister states that it is first in several educational fields. Last week in the Statehouse atop Beacon Hill, Republican Governor John Volpe boasted about some of those historical attainments: first public school (1635), first U.S. college (1636), first state board of education (1837), first state teacher-training college (1839), first compulsory school attendance law (1852). Then he proudly signed a bill making Massachusetts the first state to ban *de facto* school segregation.

Build or Bus. The bill survived three months of acrid debate in the legislature, and is certain to create even more bitter controversy if lawmakers in other states try to use it as a model. It declares that any school is "racially imbalanced" if more than 50% of the enrollment is nonwhite (but not vice versa), and calls for an annual head count to check the balance. Where an imbalance exists, local school authorities must devise plans to correct it. If they fail to do so, the state not only can, but must cut off state aid to that district.

A district with such an imbalanced school can either redraw its lines to break up neighborhood racial pockets, or build more schools, or bus kids to other schools. A school with a 52% Negro enrollment, for example, could bus enough Negro students to another school to get down to the 50% level, or it could bring in a balancing number of white students, or do a little of both. No family, however, can be compelled to have its children transported out of their neighborhood if the parents object in writing. To help districts expand facilities to correct an imbalance, the state will pay 65%—instead of the usual 40%—of construction costs.

A Step in the Drive. The law was proposed in various forms by both Republicans and Democrats, but it was

opposed most vociferously by a Democratic bloc of legislators from Boston, the city at which it is mainly aimed. "This bill," cried Boston Democratic Representative Paul Murphy, "is one of the most dangerous pieces of legislation ever considered by this House!"

On the other hand, the state's Republican Attorney General Edward Brooke, a Negro, called the legislation a "dramatic and heartening" step in the drive to "ensure equality in education." Still, the law may have to be harshly applied in Boston, where more than 50% of the enrollment in 45 schools is nonwhite. The city's governing public school committee has refused to admit that segregation exists in its schools. Its chairman, Mrs. Louise Day Hicks, declared last week that "racial imbalance in itself is not educationally harmful." Rather than bus kids, Mrs. Hicks would prefer to get along without state aid.

How to Get into College

Every high school principal likes to see his graduates go on to college, but a lot of people in New Haven think that Hillhouse High School Principal Robert T. LeVine, 57—or someone in his office—carried that laudable ambition to excess. In December 1963, Yale University's Admissions Dean Arthur Howe complained that many Hillhouse applications to Yale showed higher grades than those the students actually got. In plain words, somebody seemed to be doctoring the marks to get marginal students into college.

The school board suspended LeVine, contending that the handling of the transcripts might constitute "gross incompetence," and ordered investigators to make an exhaustive comparison of college application transcripts and marks received by Hillhouse seniors from 1959 to 1964. LeVine, who began teaching at Hillhouse 34 years ago and

became principal in 1951, demanded a public hearing and got it.

For two weeks New Haven parents jammed the meeting to hear the testimony. Arthur Howe told of his long-time "uneasiness" about Hillhouse transcripts. Smith College President Thomas C. Mendenhall II said that some Hillhouse grads had not measured up to their transcripts. There were "discrepancies in individuals' records, where girls might have outstanding high school grades and have wretched test scores" at Smith. Said he: "It's rather an unusual marking system."

Precisely what the system was, nobody could say for sure. Investigators found about 1,300 "discrepancies" in grading and classed 190 of them as "flagrant." One history student got an F and a C in two marking periods, but averaged a C on his transcript. A pupil with two F marks in French got a passing D on his transcript, while a biology student with a D-plus, a D-minus and a D ended up with a C.

Principal LeVine denied that he had ever ordered such false grading on the transcripts. As best as anyone could make out, the marks were entered by two kindly clerks, Mrs. Ellen Sjogren, 62, and Mrs. Elizabeth Lammlin, 37, who claimed that LeVine merely signed batches of blank forms, which the ladies in turn filled out under a longstanding system. Asked to explain the grading system used on 75 transcripts, Mrs. Sjogren said: "I'm getting old. I can't even remember what I did last week."

The inconclusive hearings ended last week. There was no doubt that a lot of Hillhouse kids got a break they did not deserve, and that others, perhaps, lost out as a result. The New Haven board plans to study the evidence before deciding whether to hold LeVine, or anyone else, responsible for that "unusual marking system."

IRA ROSENBERG—N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE



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NORTHSHORE CENTER'S ST. THERESE CHAPEL, OUTSIDE & INSIDE
Some sit down and start talking.

WORSHIP

Where Life Is

The Northshore Shopping Center in suburban Boston has the usual assortment of small shops and department stores, the pedestrians' mall and the canned music. Down a row of stores, customers can find Coleman's Fashion Shop and Khouri's rug store. And between the two is a "shop" that is becoming part of a new shopping-center trend. At Northshore, it is called St. Therese's Carmelite Chapel. It is closed on Sundays, but four Masses daily are conducted there on the other six days of the week, and Father Joel Schevers and his assistants are there to hear confession.

Since shopping centers are becoming more plentiful, and people spend a lot of time there, clergymen are beginning to ask: Why shouldn't the church follow them there?

Father Schevers' chapel proves that the idea works. Some shoppers, he says, may come in to St. Therese's merely to rest their feet. But his 8:30 a.m. Mass gets a lot of employees from the stores near by. Noontime brings in a cross-section of shoppers. For the 4:30 Mass, he gets workers from the electronics factories in the vicinity, and at 5:45, says Schevers, "we get commuters who make this instead of a cocktail stop."



BURLINGTON'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH LOUNGE
Some rest their aching feet.

RELIGION

"That's Nice." The Episcopal Church Center at the Cum-Park Plaza Shopping Center in Burlington, N.C., occupies what once was a shoe store, and, says the Rev. John Stone, draws a lot of unaffiliated people to whom "big Gothic buildings may be a bit frightening and strange." The Episcopal center has a chapel, a sitting area with TV, a counseling room, storeroom and a bathroom. "They can come in and sit down or they can lie down if they want to," says Stone. "Believe me, the bathroom is not the least used of our facilities either. Did you ever try to find a bathroom in a shopping center?"

Stone and other clergymen in shopping centers find that the biggest attraction is simply in the church's presence as a spiritual help. "Some people wander in because they've heard of the center," Stone says. "They may look around, say 'That's nice,' and leave, or they may discover there's a little more to it and sit down and start talking. Some of them are a little nervous. They think if they come in, someone will put an arm around them and ask if they're saved. They soon get over that. Here's a place where they can fulfill some need, talk to a sympathetic person. What we try to say to them is that 'God cares for you, not just your pocketbook, not just your pew space.'"

Ceramics & Sherbet. There are similar shopping-center sanctuaries in and around Baltimore, Topeka and Phoenix, and more still are in the planning stages. The Episcopal Church of St. Ignatius will be the first tenant of Pacheco Plaza shopping center in Marin County, north of San Francisco. St. Ignatius will cost \$125,000, offer a nursery school, theater workshop, ceramics classes, and a teen-agers' Friday night discotheque, in addition to religious services.

Clergymen view this trend as a modern approach to an ancient function of the church. For centuries, the church was the focal point of the village marketplace; it was the place where people met as well as worshipped, and it was outside its doors that farmers and craftsmen gathered to sell and trade their goods. Says the Rev. Charles Gompertz, who is in charge of St. Ignatius: "At Pacheco Plaza, we will have a Safeway Store and Herbert's Sherbet Shop—not quite as colorful as the village marketplace, but nonetheless our American version of the same thing. This is where the church belongs, in the center of things, not stuck off on a quiet residential street. After all, you spend most of your lives in and around the marketplace. This is where life is. There is where Jesus and St. Paul and St. Ignatius did their preaching."

ECUMENISM

Those Who Don't Want It

The dark-suited men and their very proper wives averted their eyes as they strode purposefully past the bikini-clad girls at the pool. Their minds were dwelling on grim business, not frivolous hours in the sun; their voices were cleared for psalms and hymns that could drown out the incessant Muzak. The occasion was the Sixth Congress of the International Council of Christian Churches, held at the smartly modern Intercontinental Hotel in Geneva. It was no accident that the I.C.C.C. chose Geneva, and the Intercontinental, for its meeting. The hotel is practically on the doorstep of the World Council of Churches headquarters across the street, and if there is anything the I.C.C.C. enjoys, it is the opportunity to needle the World Council.

Headed by contentious New Jersey Presbyterian Radio Preacher Carl McIntire, the I.C.C.C. is a vociferous amalgam of anti-ecumenical, anti-Catholic, anti-Communist fundamentalists who want all Protestants to "stand up and be counted"—counted out, that is, of the World Council. As proof of their devotion to that end, the 800 del-



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legates issued a unanimous resolution: "Ecumenicity, as expressed in the World Council of Churches, represents a false concept of Christian unity and has no Biblical basis; its leadership includes men who have apostatized from the faith; it betrays the glorious heritage of the 16th century Reformation and acts as an instrument for building an apostate super-church." The resolution ended with an appeal to groups belonging to the World Council to "withdraw from this unholy alliance."

Syncretistic Trends. Since World Council General Secretary Willem Visser 't Hooft was happily off on a vacation, there was no danger in Geneva of an embarrassing confrontation, although one World Council official noted that the I.C.C.C. is "just a group of hecklers that keeps following us around, collecting minute splinter groups of no real significance."

"Call them splinter groups if you wish," argued McIntire. "There'll be more and more as ecumenism gathers momentum. Ecumenism is treason to the Reformation. The World Council's dialogue with Rome is a surrender of Christian allegiance to the truth; its dialogue with Jewish leaders follows the same syncretistic trends. Those liberals are going ahead without taking account of the people in the pew. That's where we step in. We talk to the people in the pew."

So far, the I.C.C.C. insists, the talking has produced admirable results. According to its own count, 8,000,000 people from 51 countries have aligned with the I.C.C.C. against the World Council and ecumenism. The U.S. adherents number about 3,000,000, most of them belonging to Presbyterian and Baptist churches. European followers are far less numerous; the biggest group is the 65,000-member Christian Reformed Church, which draws support from the sobersided Dutch farmers and fishermen of the Zeeland Province.

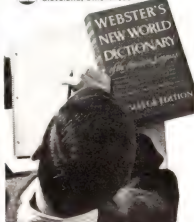
Africa-Bound. McIntire believes that Africa, with its missionary-planted roots, is particularly susceptible to the fundamentalist approach, and plans a proselytizing trip there this fall. He crowds about some schismatic Nigerian parishes that have recently joined the I.C.C.C., and hopes to corral other dissidents such as Kenya's Bishop Matthew Apunga, who walked out of the Anglican Communion. Asia is also McIntire's happy hunting ground. He claims that a majority of Korea's Protestants, as well as many from Taiwan and the Philippines, are represented in the I.C.C.C.

With a huge affiliation of more than 200 churches with 350 million members, the World Council is not greatly concerned that it will lose its adherents or its thrust to McIntire's group, and is simply ignoring the hecklers. Nevertheless, officials could scarcely be delighted with the fact that McIntire's group returned home last week to continue their zealous campaign against "this unholy alliance."

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ART

STUDIOS

Atelier Crisis

Once upon a time, Paris was an artist's paradise. The ambience was inspirational, the scenery delicious and, most important, around every corner waited a spacious, high-ceilinged studio flooded with the luminescence of the Parisian sky. Dirt cheap, too. The School of Paris was virtually born in the Bateau-Lavoir, a Montmartre dump so named for its ramshackle resemblance to a laundry barge. Picasso, Juan Gris, Utrillo and Braque all lived there before World War I. La Ruche (The Beehive) in Montparnasse was a roachy, twelve-sided wooden structure with wedge-shaped studios where Modigliani, Soutine, and even the non-artistic Lenin lived. Said Marc Chagall of La Ruche: "You either died there or left famous."

These days, artists are seeking other meccas. And the blame, many believe, belongs strictly to an absence of elbow room. Entire streets of studios—Rue Vandamme, Rue Moulin-de-Beurre, Rue Vercingetorix—have been razed and replaced by glassy apartment buildings. A Deputy from Montparnasse complains that 140 ateliers have been destroyed in the past two years. La Ruche, spared as a historical monument, still offers 11 studios at \$10 a month—but only one-fifth of its inhabitants are artists. More ex-aterliers are increasingly occupied by nonpainters willing to pay fat rents for the chic of living bohemian style.

Quelle crise! Culture Minister André Malraux has conducted a survey that shows that a minimum of 1,500 ateliers

must be built by 1973, most of them just to house artists already living in condemned buildings. Since 1963, however, only \$400,000 has been budgeted for new studios, and just 92 ateliers have been built. For the next five years, Malraux has only \$200,000 a year to spend on artists' housing. Other than that, he can only encourage real estate developers to include low-cost ateliers in their high-cost apartment buildings.

The most ambitious new project is the privately owned, government-backed new Cité Internationale des Arts, a \$4,000,000 studio project on the Right Bank that will eventually provide 300 air-conditioned ateliers for artists of all sorts. Ceilings are low, but musicians' quarters come equipped with upright pianos, painters' rooms are furnished with easels, floors are sculptor-proof. Under construction are a library, bar, restaurant, auditorium and exposition hall. Rent is only \$55 a month. But foreign governments or corporations must lay out \$16,000 per studio, reserving the right to name their resident artists. Whether such space will stimulate art is anybody's guess—but some of the first tenants are already complaining about faulty air conditioning.

EXHIBITIONS

Baby Renaissance

As if an eclipse had blotted out civilization between the Roman Empire and the Renaissance, the term Dark Ages lingers to describe the beginnings of Western Europe. Things were not all that black, modern scholars have discovered, and the great Renaissance was presaged by several baby ones. One such regeneration began with the reign of Charlemagne.

On Christmas day in the year 800,

Pope Leo III crowned Charlemagne a Roman Emperor. Philosopher Oswald Spengler dismissed Charlemagne's rule as "a surface episode without issue." H. G. Wells labeled it a poor copy of the Caesars. Although Charlemagne did not impress some modern historians, he did inspire the craftsmen and artists of his own era. This summer a mammoth exhibition of 700 Carolingian art works is on view in Aachen, Germany, the Emperor's historic seat of power.

Fleshing Out Saints. Until the late 8th century, Western art lay largely under the influence of Byzantium, whose hovering saints were stripped of flesh, transcendently vaporous, symbols of life beyond death. So otherworldly was Byzantine art that by the time Charlemagne was crowned, images of the sacred figures had been banned for 74 years. Eastern iconoclasm had emphatically blotted out the Greco-Roman exaltation of living man. The new Carolingian Emperor personally set about to change the art of his times.

He imported scholarly monks and artisans from Italy, Spain, Ireland and England to convert Aachen into St. Augustine's *Civitas Dei*, the divine city, in the barbarian heartland of Europe. He encouraged one monk, Alcuin, to make script more readable; Carolingian minuscule is still the foundation for the text type used in present-day printing. He built an octagonal chapel that still stands in Aachen, along the lines of the mosaic-coated San Vitale in Ravenna, Italy. He even stole marble columns from Ravenna to make his church more authentic.

Cartooning the Gospels. Before Charlemagne, the barbarian art of Europe was a welter of interlace—a primitive, restless filling of space that spread tendrilous patterns across armor, manuscripts and utensils. The worldly, warring Emperor, who inspired the epic *Song of Roland*, brought back the three-dimensional image of man. Carved in ivory book covers, illuminated on paper (see opposite page), the human form struggled through spaghetti-like barbarian curlicues and unearthly Eastern symbolism. Carolingian images of Christ are distinguishable from Eastern icons by the absence of a beard, the presence of youthful muscles.

Into Carolingian manuscripts crept the idea of narrative illustration rather than static devotional icons, the better to teach the word of God. The famous Utrecht Psalter abandoned elaborate gilding to accompany the Gospels with cursive, pen-and-ink cartooning. By the time the Carolingian Renaissance subsided in the late 10th century, art was no longer the same as religion, only its handmaiden. As the *Libri Carolini* put it in the late 8th century: "The sacrament is nourishment for the soul. Pictures are food only for the eyes." So the Carolingian renaissance opened the way for the later, greater Renaissance to depict the deeds of mortal man without fear of God.

OLD MONTPARNASSE

Put the blame on elbow room.

NEW CITÉ INTERNATIONALE



CHARLEMAGNE'S JEWELLED TALISMAN



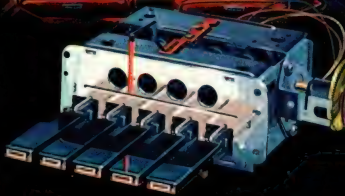
FRAGMENT OF IVORY BOOK COVER

A king's ransom in ART

WHEN he was not busy collecting nations, the 9th century Frankish Emperor Charlemagne collected art. He sent emissaries to Rome and Ravenna to bring back works for his palace in Aachen, Germany, and his patronage nurtured a flowering of art within his own empire. His craftsmen excelled at such intricate work as the garnet and emerald talisman (left) worn by Charlemagne and later by Napoleon's wife Josephine. And his painters and sculptors blended the emperor's fervent Christianity—represented in the ivory carving of Mary and the Apostles (at left, below)—with the stylized designs typical of the Celts and Vikings, which offset the illumination of Christ



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MOON



JAVITS

SOCIETY

Edie & Andy

Oscar Wilde once noted that the way to get into the best society is to amuse or shock. That theory may have worked in Victorian London, particularly for witty, shocking Oscar Wilde. But it never went over in New York. Afraid of jeopardizing their own social security, New York's finest followed the example of the Boston Brahmins, clung to the names in the *Social Register* and the rules in *Emily Post* as loyally as if they had made them up themselves—which mostly they had. In recent years, however, New York has gone Wilde, and the newest darlings on its social circuit are artists and artisans who ten years ago were talked about but seldom talked to—such as, say, Norman (Mailer), Tennessee (Williams), Sammy (Davis Jr.), Gadge (Ella Kazan), Rudol (Bing) and Cal (Robert Lowell). At the moment, the magic names are Andy and Edie.

Depths & Heights. Pop Artist Andy Warhol is the man who sells exact-to-the-copyright reproductions of Brillo boxes for \$1,000, lines his studio with aluminum wrap, paints his hair silver, and devotes eight hours of "underground movies" to such hitherto unexplored subjects as the depths of man's sleep or the height of the Empire State Building. Edie Sedgwick is his constant companion, an electric elf whose flashing chocolate-colored eyes and skittish psyche make her a perfect star for his slow-moving movies.

Last April, when Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art gave a black-tie party to celebrate the opening of its "Three Centuries of American Painting" exhibition, Edie and Andy stood cheek by jowl with Lady Bird Johnson. Mrs. Vincent Astor and Harry Guggenheim. Andy was wearing yellow sunglasses and a ragged tuxedo jacket over paint-splattered black work pants. Edie had dyed her hair silver (to match Andy's), wore lilac pajamas that covered nothing but a body stocking.

Since then, they have gone to more

MODERN LIVING



WARHOL & SEDGWICK

"Those people don't know who they are."

parties than a caterer, sometimes staying for just a moment before moving on to the next one.

At a formal benefit opening of George Balanchine's *Don Quixote*, Edie climbed to the highest balcony in Lincoln Center's New York State Theater to twist, while Andy and fellow onlookers toasted her in champagne from below. A week later they showed up at the exclusive dinner given by the old-guard Nine O'Clockers of New York. Andy dressed in his usual black, bespotted denim work pants and Edie in a black crepe evening gown with shoulder-length white gloves, topped with ostrich feathers.

Some Dream. Biggest bash of all came last week. To celebrate (or mourn) his impending return to Claremont Men's College, producer (*Funny Girl*) Ray Stark's 21-year-old son Peter threw an "underground" cocktail party at The Scene, Manhattan's freest-wheeling nightclub. The guest list read like a society columnist's dream: Huntington Hartford, Mrs. Eric Javits, Wendy Vanderbilt, Melinda Moon, Freddie Guest (Winston's son) and his wife Stephanie (Joan Bennett's daughter), Maria Cooper (Gary's daughter), Liza Minnelli (Judy's daughter), Alexandra Cushing and Christina Paolozzi, plus a constellation of Southampton and Newport debs, some of whom flew in for the occasion. But all eyes were on Edie and Andy.

In the background, Warhol's movie, *Beauty Number 11*, unreel against a wall displaying Edie in brief undies lounging on a bed and chatting (soundlessly) with a male companion in shorts. In the foreground, Edie and her companions frugged, jerked and twisted beneath hot studio lights. Edie was dressed



VANDERBILT



COOPER

in her "uniform," a pair of leopard mesh stockings topped by tight black panties, a blue surfer's shirt, and huge earrings that hung down to her collarbone. The rest of the Warhol entourage included Chuck Wein, Harvard '60, who peroxides his hair and wears it long, and Don Lyons, another Harvard man, who is a teaching fellow in Greek classics, wears his hair short and leaves it plain.

Andy, it seemed, was making an underground movie of people seeing an underground movie, letting his camera automatically scan back and forth between the world of coupons and caviar and that of pop and pot. After several paper cups full of champagne and apple cider, the socialites unbuckled their suit jackets, set their ties at half-mast, and mixed it up with the denizens of the underground on the dance floor. Said one girl in a Pucci gown: "This is a *ga!* I mean, this is what I call a *real party!*"

Great-Niece. The artist and his "superstar" reached their present social pinnacle from different sides of the tracks. The son of a construction worker from McKeesport, Pa., named Warhola, Andy scarcely seemed destined to reach Fifth Avenue drawing rooms. Pale beyond the pale and shy to the point of sequestration, he arrived in New York at the age of 24 as a struggling artist with little training and less money. Gradually he earned enough through advertising illustration to eke out a comfortable bohemian existence on the Lower East Side. When the art world suddenly went pop in 1962, Andy found himself lionized by the white-tie world of the Museum of Modern Art. But he cut few social capers, clung to the company of fellow artists.

Then came Edie. The great-niece of the late *Atlantic Monthly* editor Ellery Sedgwick, the great-granddaughter of the Rev. Endicott Peabody (Groton's founder), Edie was definitely horn a lady. But it was not a role she enjoyed. She quit school after one year at St. Timothy's and refused to have a coming-out party, divided most of her time between junkets to Europe and sculpture lessons in Cambridge, Mass. After



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The selection of risks. Because of the generally excellent level of health of the people we insure, NML policyowners receive consistently high dividends through better mortality records.

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The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

**There is a difference...
and the difference grows!**

settling in New York last summer, she drifted aimlessly about, looking for modeling jobs by day and dancing at discotheques by night, invariably dressed in racy culottes or leopard-skin slacks. Last January, having nothing better to do, she showed up at a screening at Warhol's movie "factory," talked herself into a part, soon took over where 1964's "Girl of the Year," Baby Jane Holzer, had left off. Said she: "I didn't know I was replacing Jane. In fact—I'd never even heard of her. I hardly ever read the papers."

"I Can't Say No." From then on, Edie and Andy opened doors for each other—she the doors to the Park Avenue patrons of his paintings, he the doors to the world of art and the cine-

panties and bras are stirringly designed to be seen as well as to gird. Bright stripes, polka dots and designs are all over, lending underwear new snap, crackle and also pop. There is a panty brief with a printed-on image of an oversized zipper that never expected to or could get zipped, another with an American-flag motif. A third has a pair of eyes that wink from the rear, shed a tear in the front—virtually demanding comment from hasty psychoanalysts. Made by Treo to sell at \$6 and \$7, 150,000 of the briefs and panty girdles have already been ordered by department stores.

And if pop is not for Mom, there are plenty of other new patterns to choose from. Stephanie has a green,

WALTER DUBON



STEPHANIE'S LONG JOHN



FORMFIT-ROGERS' SLIP



TREO'S PANTY BRIEF

To be seen as well as gird.

ma where she hopes to make her way. Behind the doors, there was an endless succession of parties. Said Andy: "Nowadays, I just can't say no to a party. I think all those people are great. They don't really know who they are. They don't even sleep—but then, we don't either."

How long will they remain the couple célèbre? "Who cares?" says Edie. "I am not trying to create an image or a following. I act this way because that's the way I feel like acting. If people like it—fine. If they don't—that's their problem."

FASHION

Zip—and Also Pop

Barely perceptibly, women's underwear began a year ago to melt into skin air. Girdles crept up the leg, and bras got briefer. The body stocking came along, and the traditional white and pink colors were superseded by a flesh color that matched the owner's own. Short of eliminating itself entirely, the industry seemed to have nowhere left to go.

Except, of course, to the opposite extreme. In the new undergarment collections, slips, half-slips, panty girdles,

orange and yellow flame-patterned print that comes in a bra (\$1.59), panty girdle (\$3.99) and elastic long john (\$5.95) for use under slacks; Warner's has put a tiger's stripes on its tank suit (\$19), also offers a cobra-skin pattern if stripes don't suit. Most stylish are the Courrèges-inspired underpinnings of Formfit-Rogers. The full slip (\$9), in white with black banding, can easily double as a nightdress or a playdress.

POPULATION

Where Is Everybody?

Margaret Sanger—with an assist from the rising standard of living—seems to be getting her way. In June 1964, some 331,000 babies were born in the U.S.; this past June, only 310,000. What's more, the trend has been down all year. During the twelve months that ended June 30, there were an estimated 3,908,000 births. Over the same period a year earlier there were 4,081,000. The way things are going, 1965 promises to be the first year since 1953 with fewer than 4,000,000 births. The U.S. Public Health Service also reported that marriages are down, from 14.6 per 1,000 population in June 1964 to 14.2 this year.

SPORT

TENNIS

Pain in Spain

The curious thing about Spain's defeat of the U.S. in last week's Davis Cup interzone semifinal was that it wasn't even an upset. True, Spain had never exactly been a world power in tennis, but it did boast the world's best clay-court player in Manuel Santana, 27, a tenacious, skillful shotmaker who had won his last eight Davis Cup singles matches without losing a set. And when the visiting Americans got a look at the copper-colored center court at Barcelona's Real Club de Tenis, they knew they were in trouble. Slowed even more than normal by heavy rains, the soft surface took the bite out of the serves and volleys, made smashes as easy to handle as lobs. "The name of the game here is grub," complained the U.S.'s Frank Froehling. "Every point is a war. You can't put the ball away."

The only real doubt about Spain's chances centered on Juan Gisbert, a young (22) Barcelona law student and tennis unknown, whose one claim to fame was a victory over Teammate Santana in a minor tournament last spring. Gisbert wiped out that doubt by polishing U.S.'s No. 1 player, Dennis Ralston, in last week's first match—breaking Ralston's service seven times in a row for a 3-6, 8-6, 6-1, 6-3 victory. Ralston took his defeat with typically bad grace, complaining, among other things, about the court, the heat, and noisy Spanish fans. U.S. Team Captain George MacCall put the blame where it belonged. "Denny talks to many people," he said, "and listens to no one. He has his own ideas about doing things, and his performances in important matches prove him wrong."

When Santana clobbered Froehling



SPAIN'S SANTANA & ARILLA
Points like a war.

in straight sets to give Spain a 2-0 lead, the outcome was a foregone conclusion. Next day Santana teamed with José Luis Arilla against Ralston and Clark Graebner in doubles—and, once again, Ralston went wobbly at the critical stage. The Americans won the first two sets, blew the next two, and then, leading 5-2 in the last set, Dennis bungled three straight volleys. The Spaniards pulled out the set 11-9 to sew up the best of five series the quickest way possible with three victories in a row. A split of the last two singles matches made the final score 4-1. Now only India or Japan stood between Spain and the Challenge Round in Australia—and, just maybe, the Davis Cup itself.

GOLF

A Taste of Money

Golf may be the only sport in the world at which a man can make \$20,000 a year in competition and still have nobody but a fanatic recognize his name. Just ask Jack McGowan, Pete Brown and Miller Barber—or, for that matter, Dave Marr. Going into last week's P.G.A. tournament at Ligonier, Pa., Marr was strictly a member of the pack. He won an occasional minor tournament, almost always finished in the money (20 out of 22 times so far this year), modeled sports clothes for Jantzen on the side. He was reliable, comfortable and frustrated. "I'm never going to win another one," he told his wife after blowing a five-stroke lead in last month's \$70,000 Insurance City Open. "There's too much dog in me."

But when the difference between a Marr and a Jack Nicklaus is only a couple of strokes every 72 holes, accidents are bound to happen. One happened last week—and it was almost more than Dave could stand. He cried when they gave him a diamond-studded medal and the winner's check of \$25,000. "Some guys expect to win," he said. "But I never knew that I could."

The son of a Houston club pro and a cousin of onetime Masters Champion Jack Burke, Marr, 31, is typical of golf's second-magnitude stars. He started as a caddy, worked his way up to pro-shop flunky, golf-club and software salesman, caddy master and teaching pro before setting out five years ago on the tournament trail. He won \$12,066 his first year, was up to \$37,142 last year, and got his first real taste of glory when he sank a 30-ft. putt to tie Nicklaus for second place (behind Arnold Palmer) in the 1964 Masters.

On the 17th hole at Ligonier's Laurel Valley Golf Club last week, Dave was clinging shakily to a two-stroke lead when Nicklaus sank an 18-ft. chip shot from off the green. "That made me hot," Marr said later. "I decided I wasn't going to let him win. To hell with him." Dave promptly canned his putt. On the 18th he dropped his approach



WINNER MARR (RIGHT) & FAMILY

Putt like a champion, walk like a thief. 3 ft. from the pin and got the shakes all over again. "I told myself, 'C'mon, make it, finish like a champion is supposed to finish. Don't putt short, just tap it in and walk off like a thief.'" He did, and headed for New York, where his wife was giving birth to Anthony Marr—named after St. Anthony, the patron saint of the poor, the pregnant and the lost.

SWIMMING

One for the Old Folks

At last week's A.A.U. championship in Maumee, Ohio, the competitors were so young that in some cases the only way to tell a boy from a girl was by whether the bathing suit had a top. Seattle's Steve Krause, 15, surprised everybody including himself ("I never dreamed that I would swim that fast") when he splashed to a new world record of 16 min. 58.6 sec. in the 1,500-meter freestyle. California's Claudia Kolb, 15, won the women's 100-meter breast stroke, the 200-meter breast stroke and the 200-meter individual medley, topped it off by helping her Santa Clara Swim Club team to victory in the 400-meter medley relay. Then there was a trio of precocious 14-year-olds—Indiana's Judy Humbarger, Pennsylvania's Mary-Ellen Olcese and California's Patty Caretto—with three firsts and two seconds among them.

In that company, Martha Randall at an aging 17 almost seemed to be a has-been. At the Tokyo Olympics last year, the best she could do was a third in the 400-meter individual medley. "One more year," she said then, and this summer she began commuting daily from her home in Wayne, Pa., to Philadelphia to swim six miles a day under the watchful eye of Coach Mary Kelly. "Martha's a very quiet girl," said Kelly, "but a very determined girl."

She had to be. In the 400-meter freestyle at the A.A.U. meet, her competitors included the defending world-record holder (at 4 min. 39.5 sec.) Marilyn Ramenofsky, and Patty Caretto who only two days before had set a new world mark for 1,500 meters. For the first 300 meters, it was strictly a two-girl race—with Martha third. Then she began to sprint, flushed past Ramenofsky, overhauled Caretto in the last lap, and drew out to win by 2.5 sec.

Her time: a record-smashing 4 min. 39.2 sec. Next day, just to prove it was no fluke, Martha also won the 200-meter freestyle, cracking a U.S. record in the process. Sighed Martha: "One more year, and then I'll quit."

BASEBALL

The Team That Made Leaving

Milwaukee Famous

Nobody ever accused Milwaukee Manager Bobby Bragan of lacking imagination. At one time or another, to protest an umpire's call, he has 1) fainted on the field, 2) staged a sitdown strike in the middle of the diamond, and 3) announced, then called back seven successive pinch hitters before finally allowing the game to proceed. One day last month, to back up his claim that the ump's were permitting flagrant use of the illegal spitball, he deliberately ordered Braves pitchers to moisten the ball, kept careful count of how many times (75) they got by with it, and released the statistic to sportswriters after the game. Bobby's latest project is to embarrass the whole city of Milwaukee—by giving it a National League pennant.

Milwaukeeans have been on a boycott-the-Braves campaign ever since the team's management decided to move to Atlanta next year. A beer company angrily canceled its sponsorship of home-game telecasts. Signs sprouted from buildings: ATLANTA YOU CAN HAVE THEM. Businessmen wore BYE-BYE BRAVES buttons, and fans stayed away from the ballpark; attendance this season is down almost 400,000 from 1964.

Somewhat Warmer. That was the mood so long as the Braves were floundering in fifth place, half a dozen games or so behind the league-leading Los Angeles Dodgers. Now the Braves have won 29 out of their last 41 ball games, and last week they were thrusting in

and out of the National League lead. Milwaukee began to warm up and take notice. Advance orders were pouring in for this week's home stand. Hotels were taking reservations for the World Series.

The players felt the excitement most of all. "I've never seen this team so spirited," said Manager Bragan. How else to explain the fact that Catcher Gene Oliver, who hit only 13 home runs all last year, clouted four in 24 hours to win two games? Or the clutch pinch-hitting of Don Dillard (average: .280), who drove in the winning run twice in a week in the last inning? Or the fantastic spurt of Third Baseman Eddie Mathews, who raised his average 26 points (to .259) and accounted for 25 runs in nine games?

With a Double A. For part of the Braves' success, no explanation was needed. Rightfielder Henry Aaron was batting .332 last week, with 29 doubles, 27 homers and 63 RBIs. With a lifetime batting average of .320 for eleven big-league seasons, he is the best hitter in baseball. "When Henry looks out at that pitcher," says Bobby Bragan, "it's like an animal stalking its prey." Says Los Angeles' Sandy Koufax, baseball's No. 1 pitcher, with 21 victories already in the bank: "It's no wonder his name begins with a double A."

A lithe, 180-lb. six-footer whose wrists are bigger (8 in. around) than Cassius Clay's, Aaron, 31, is a superb fielder, a dangerous base runner (19 stolen bases in 22 attempts) as well as a natural hitter who says, "I just grab a bat and look for the baseball. If it's near the plate, I swing at it." Technically, he does almost everything wrong: he stands at the very back of the batter's box (where it is practically impossible to reach pitches before they break), has a hitch in his swing, hits off his forward foot, regularly swings at the first pitch, is a notorious bad ball hitter. "I've seen Hank hit pitches right off his ear into the rightfield grandstand," says Pittsburgh's Bob Friend. Another opposition pitcher once complained: "The last two pitches I threw at Aaron's head, he hit out of the park."

Last week in St. Louis, Hank leaned clear across the plate to reach for a wide, soft curve thrown by the Cardinals' Curt Simmons. He belted it onto the rightfield pavilion roof—but Umpire Chris Pelekoudas called him out for stepping out of the batter's box. Grouched Aaron: "He didn't say anything the time before, when I did the same thing and popped up." Some pitchers think that Aaron toys with them, making himself look bad on certain pitches so they will throw the same pitches again. But Hank himself insists that there is no subterfuge behind his hitting. "I've got a bat, and all the pitcher's got is a ball," he says. "That gives me a natural edge."

Aaron naturally gets a handsome salary for doing what comes naturally—\$67,500 a year, which seems only reasonable by Mickey Mantle standards. If all goes according to Manager Bra-

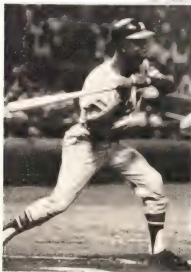
gan's plan, Milwaukee's fair-weather fans will contribute another \$8,000 to that when the Braves get into the World Series and they get into the ballpark. There is some opinion that they shouldn't be allowed. "If I owned the Milwaukee ball club," says San Francisco Giants Owner Horace Stoneham, "I wouldn't sell one World Series ticket in Milwaukee."

Practice Makes Perfect

It stands to reason that if a fellow pitches enough no-hit games, he is bound to win one sooner or later. Two months ago, against the New York Mets, Cincinnati's Jim Maloney, 25, pitched ten innings of hitless ball—only to lose the game 1-0 when Johnny Lewis, a .245 hitter, homered in the eleventh inning. Last week in Chicago, Maloney tried and tried again.

The Chicago Cubs did not hit a ball out of the infield until the eighth inning. But Jim walked ten men, hit another, stretched the count to 3-2 against 14 batters. He loaded the bases on walks in the third inning, got out of that jam when Chicago's Billy Williams grounded out. In the ninth, he loaded them up again, but Don Landrum obligingly popped up to the infield. Maloney's teammates did their bit to contribute to the tension—by doing practically nothing at the plate. After nine innings, the score was still 0-0.

On into extra innings it went. "The same thing is going to happen again," moaned Maloney. In the top of the tenth, Cincinnati Shortstop Leo Cardenas finally hit a home run, to make it 1-0. Then the Cubs came to bat. Jim walked the first man he faced. Then he bared down. Billy Williams fied out, Ernie Banks bounced into a double play, and whooping, dancing Reds mobbed their hero on the mound. "Now that I've finally won one of these," said Maloney, "I'm confident I can do it again."



SLUGGER AARON
Stalking like an animal.



CINCINNATI'S MALONEY
Succeeding like a survivor.

MEDICINE

ANATOMY

Bodies by Bequest

When Grace Metalious, author of *Peyton Place*, died in Boston's Beth Israel Hospital last year, she left a written statement donating her body "in the interests of medical science" to Dartmouth or Harvard Medical School. But Novelist Metalious' daughter said no. And since in Massachusetts, as in about half of the 50 states, a bequest of one's own body is not legally binding, the daughter's objection prevailed. Even without it, Dartmouth would have lost out for another reason: like most states, Massachusetts forbids shipment of bodies for dissection across its borders, and Dartmouth is in New Hampshire.

The Metalious case highlighted a situation that has caused every U.S. medical and dental school a vast amount of trouble and anxiety for most of the past 25 years, and is still afflicting about half of them. Professors say medical students learn anatomy best if only two of them share in dissecting a body; with 8,800 freshmen entering medical schools this year, that would mean 4,400 bodies, plus 1,000 for dental students* and at least 2,000 for research surgeons anxious to practice advanced techniques. By best estimates, U.S. schools are now getting 3,000 bodies a year, only 20% of them by bequest.

No Man's Property. Under English law, which has filtered through the colonies to the states, a man's body is not his own property to "devise and bequeath." Nor is it technically the property of surviving kin, but since they are responsible for giving it decent burial, they have won the right to decide what shall not be done with a relative's body.

Until recently, the schools relied largely on state laws, which provided that the body of anyone who died with no known relatives, and whose burial would have to be at public expense, should be sent to a medical school. Such arrangements worked reasonably well until World War II, when prosperity, Social Security and VA funeral bene-

* Though dental training emphasizes the head and neck, students are required to dissect the entire body.



MEDICAL STUDENT DISSECTING

Two at a time is best.

fits drastically reduced the number of indigent dead. The schools' crisis became particularly acute in the 1950s. Today, the situation has vastly improved in a few states.

Closed Seasons. In California, body bequest is not only legal but so generally accepted that the medical schools have been forced to set specific "open seasons" during which prospective donors can bequeath their bodies. U.C.L.A. now has 3,500 donation forms, filed by the living in anticipation of death.

Illinois has set up what it calls the Demonstrators Association to serve seven medical schools, under the motto, "Let the dead teach the living." The association gets upwards of 200 bodies a year by bequest, and 300 from state institutions—still far short of the 1,200 that are needed by all the state's medical and dental schools and research hospitals. In New York, famed private schools Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons and Cornell University Medical College get many bodies by bequest, but like other schools they must still rely mainly on indigents. Florida resembles California in abundance of body bequests.

Carried with Credit Cards. Some schools used to refuse a body if any surgery at all—even as routine as an appendectomy—had ever been performed on it. Now most insist only that the body be intact (not mutilated, as after many accidents). Post-mortem subjects and commercially embalmed bodies are also unsuitable. The schools themselves use special embalming techniques for preservation. Most schools have developed what they call "bequeathal kits" of legally valid forms: several issue a wallet card (see cut), to be carried at all times along with the driver's license and credit cards.

Boston's three medical schools are

still hard up for bodies, and Harvard University's Dr. Benjamin Spector has enlisted the support of Richard Cardinal Cushing, Rabbi Roland Gittelsohn and Episcopal Bishop Anson Phelps Stokes Jr. "The clergy are behind this now," says Dr. Spector. Most people who donate their bodies feel they are doing something useful for society as well as saving funeral expenses.

PEDIATRICS

A New Way to Treat

Hyaline Membrane Disease

Hyaline membrane disease, which afflicts many premature babies and kills an estimated 50,000 in the U.S. every year, was little known to laymen until it claimed its most prominent victim, Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, in the summer of 1963. Doctors have continued to attack the puzzling disease, and last week, Drs. Clara and Julian Ambros, a husband-and-wife team working at Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo, reported one of the most encouraging approaches yet.

Working with Pediatrician David Weintraub, the doctors studied premature (under 5½ lbs.) and other small babies with severe breathing difficulties at Buffalo Children's Hospital. Many of those infants, they decided, had several things wrong with them. In the first place, they had probably been starved of oxygen. As a result, they were suffering from tightly constricted small arteries in their lungs.

Perhaps more important, Dr. Clara Ambros told a pharmacology conference at the University of Pennsylvania, was an imbalance in a series of substances designed by nature to preserve an exquisitely delicate adjustment of clotting and anti-clotting tendencies in the blood. That imbalance allows a fibrous membrane to form in the lungs, and this prevents the exchange of carbon dioxide and oxygen. Since many small babies suffer from a deficiency of a vital anti-clotting factor, Drs. Ambros and Dr. Weintraub treated 32 babies with plasmin activated by the potent enzyme urokinase (UK). Their hope was that this might restore the balance of blood factors and prevent formation of the suffocating membrane.

The fluid was injected into the babies' umbilical veins and also incorporated in an aerosol mist that they breathed. Of the 32 infants, no fewer than 23 recovered, for a survival rate of 72%. But among 28 babies with the same problems who did not get the UK-plasmin treatment, only eleven recovered, a rate of 39%.

There is no way to make a positive diagnosis of hyaline membrane disease except at autopsy. But so many critically ill babies who apparently had the disease were helped by the Ambros treatment that the Buffalo researchers are convinced that it is worth a wider trial.



BAYLOR'S WALLET REMINDER
Across state lines is illegal.

MILESTONES

Born. To Lieut. Colonel Gherman Titov, 29, Soviet Cosmonaut; and Tamara Dasilyeva, 27; their third child, second daughter; in Leningrad.

Married. Catherine Deneuve, 21, French film ingenue (*The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*); and David Bailey, 27, London fashion photographer; she for the first time, he for the second; in London.

Died. Clarence Nicholas Sayen, 46, president from 1951 to 1962 of the Air Line Pilots Association, 16,000-member union representing more than 90% of the country's scheduled airline pilots, a onetime Braniff copilot who won many badly needed air-safety reforms, but called senseless strikes against the airlines in a bitter struggle for control of the smaller Flight Engineers union and resigned under fire; of injuries suffered when the United Airlines Boeing 727 he had taken from New York crashed into Lake Michigan minutes before landing at Chicago, killing all 30 passengers and crew.

Died. Matthew Hobson Murphy Jr., 51, Alabama attorney and self-styled "Imperial Klonsel" of the Ku Klux Klan who last May defended Collier Leroy Wilkins, one of the three Klansmen charged with the murder of Civil Rights Worker Viola Gregg Liuzzo; of injuries sustained in an auto accident; near Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Died. William Clyde DeVane, 67, longtime dean of Yale College (1938-63), a brilliant English scholar (Browning, Tennyson) and teacher who battled for the maintenance of a strong liberal arts curriculum in the face of a mounting tide of "fierce specialization," was hailed for his 1945 reorganization plan (intensified honors, divisional majors) that served as the model for many other U.S. colleges; of heart disease; in Greensboro, Vt.

Died. Philip Fox La Follette, 68, son of Wisconsin's "Fighting Bob" La Follette and brother of longtime (1925-46) Senator "Young Bob," who served three terms as Governor of the state (1931-33 and 1935-39) but failed as head of a short-lived Progressive party revival and retired to private law practice; of pneumonia; in Madison, Wis.

Died. Lucie Valore Utrillo, 87, widow of famed Parisian Impressionist Maurice Utrillo, an ambitious woman who married the aging, alcoholic painter in 1935, shut him up in a suburban home, turned away his friends, curtailed his output to 20 paintings a year, allowed none to be sold until they had reached a price high enough to suit her (around \$25,000 at his death in 1955); of heart attack; in Paris.

Rockwell Report

by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



THE UNCOMMON RASH of floods, storms, and drouths that have plagued us so far this year are a reminder that the men who manage water, gas and electric utilities are in a peculiarly paradoxical situation. On the efficiency with which they meet these crises depends, in a very real sense, the public's health, comfort, and well-being. At the same time, the more efficiently utility managers perform, the less public attention and appreciation they get.

For it is human nature to take for granted that the water, gas and electricity so essential to our civilization will be there the instant we need them. It is only on those rare occasions when we turn a faucet or open a valve or flick a switch and nothing happens that we are apt to think of the men who manage utilities. And then we hardly think of them in complimentary terms.

While the public indifference may be natural, it is nevertheless unfortunate. The vast majority of men who manage our utilities are dedicated men who have devoted many years to getting the technical training and practical experience and mature judgment necessary to do their exacting jobs. Yet their reward is seldom equal to that of men with less public responsibility and with less difficult problems to solve. And their problems, incidentally, are growing at the same tremendous rate as our population.

Greater public recognition of the contributions of utility managers is important for at least two very practical reasons. First, to hold good men in these jobs which are so necessary to every community, every business, and every household in the nation. Secondly, to encourage more good young men to go into public utility work as a career; the future need for them is difficult to overestimate.

o o o

There is a professional golfer whose name is a household word who is also known as something of a do-it-yourselfer. Even so, we were both surprised and pleased to learn not long ago that he's a satisfied user of our power tools. In fact, he carries one of our Rockwell "Green Line" 3/8-inch drill kits right along on the tour. Says it's great for on the spot adjustments on his clubs. We're not inclined to take much credit for his phenomenal success over the years, but it's great to be along for the ride.

o o o

The complexities of space flight are almost too much for the average man to believe, let alone understand. One thing we understand and have great confidence in, however, is our Rockwell-Brodie BiRotor meter, which is used for measuring the flow of many diverse kinds of liquids. So one of the few things we felt knowledgeable about during this summer's Gemini launch was the accuracy involved in measuring the propellants as they were loaded into the two-stage Titan II. Our meters were used, and we built them to be accurate to less than plus or minus one-half per cent.

o o o

You're probably not the proud possessor of an "Executive Secretary Summoner," since there is only one to our knowledge. This zany device from the fertile mind of Rube Goldberg consists of 40 gears, an eggbeater handle and a miniature boat that steps on a bell when the device is actuated. This was Mr. Goldberg's response to our request that he dramatize the fact that change gears are unnecessary in the Sealed Register water meter pioneered by Rockwell and since adopted by others. These gears used to be necessary to correct the inaccuracy of old meters—something akin to treating a patient's symptoms rather than the disease.

o o o

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 22 basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY



*"And the man
said it breathes hot
and cold like a
dragon, has lots of
arms like an octopus,
and perches on the roof
like a bird!"*

Installing Lennox R-Series System on Barrington Middle School, Community Consolidated School District #4, Barrington, Ill. Architects: J. Cone and Dornbusch, AIA. Consulting Engineer: The Engineer Collaborative. General Contractor: Gerhardt F. Meyne Co. Mechanical Contractor: V. A. Smith Co.

The man was describing the unique new Lennox Direct Multizone System being installed in the Barrington Middle School in Barrington, Illinois. And it does breathe hot and cold. It can provide heat in one room at the same time it is cooling another room.

And do it in as many as 12 separate zones at one time. Fresh air is always present to guard against stuffiness. Gas, hot water or electricity fuel it. It even cools free when outside temperature drops below 57°.

The "arms" are flexible ducts that allow you to shift walls and alter the size and use of rooms.

It is installed on the roof unseen, unheard, unnoticed.

Developed originally by Lennox for a multimillion dollar school project, it has equally excellent commercial applications.

In hospitals, offices, apartments, clinics, stores—wherever multizone control is needed.

For specific data, write to Lennox Industries Inc., 379 S. 12th Ave., Marshalltown, Iowa.

THE BARRINGTON STORY:

18 DMS units supply $5\frac{1}{4}$ million Btuh of heating to 80,000 sq. ft. of space divided into 87 separate zones. Controls and refrigerant lines already installed allow for addition of air conditioning any time to any or all zones. This is the first Chicago area school to use a complete School Construction Systems Development approach.

LENNOX

AIR CONDITIONING • HEATING

U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Better than Anyone Thought

The current economic expansion is stronger than even the optimists have thought, and the U.S. is more prosperous than anyone has believed.

These facts emerged last week when an embarrassed U.S. Government admitted that its statistics have understated the size and strength of the economy by billions of dollars. In the first major revision in seven years, the Government restored those billions to the gross national product, that vital measure of all the goods and services produced in the nation. The economy has actually been expanding at an annual rate of 4.3% since 1960, said the Commerce Department, and not at the 4.1% rate that has been accepted up to now. Result: the gross national product reached \$628.7 billion last year, \$6.1 billion more than was previously believed, and was running at \$666 billion a year in this year's April-June quarter—a full \$8 billion above previous estimates.

Coming on top of the recent underestimation of the Government's tax take by \$1.6 billion, the error in the widely used and quoted G.N.P. caused consternation among Government officials and economists, and raised eyebrows all around. The Bureau of the Budget has begun investigating the causes of the large miscalculations to see how they can be avoided in the future.

Out of Step. Some of the reasons are already clear. The Government takes a business census only once every five years; Congress keeps federal statisticians too starved for funds to make it more often. In a rapidly changing economy, five years is just too long for exact tracking. Important in the current revision are better statistics supplied by the new input-output study of what various industries sell to each other (TIME, Nov. 20) and fresh concepts of what should be included in the gross national product. The \$1.2 billion a year paid in real estate commissions, for example, was reclassified from a current expense to a capital outlay, thus increasing G.N.P. by that amount.

Though many private economists and corporate planners will have to redo their homework as a result of the new figures, and though much of the Administration's tax and economic program has been based on the discredited statistics, the revision does not change any of the economy's basic trends. The revised G.N.P. showed that the peak of the 1958-60 expansion and the bottom of the 1960 recession occurred a quarter earlier than believed, lessons that are valuable mostly for Government economic planners. Says Arthur Okun, a member of the Council of Economic Advisers: "The new figures don't indicate that we would have followed any different policies. They do show that

the economy's actual output—and potential—is higher than we thought."

"Regrettable" but Nice. In the course of revising the G.N.P., the Government's men made some other fascinating discoveries. One of them illustrates the vital role that increased consumer spending has had in the current economic advance; it shows, in fact, that consumer spending has risen faster than consumer income. The Government statisticians discovered that the consumer is spending more and saving less than anyone had thought, paying out 94¢ or

analysts expect that the higher G.N.P. may allow an increase in the Administration's wage guideposts from the present 3.2% to 3.3% or even 3.4% a year. In any case, the Government's economists were not alone in underestimating the vitality of the U.S. economy. Even the most bullish private forecasts of five years ago have turned out to be as much as 20% too low for new-car sales, 11% too low for personal income and 12% too low for the G.N.P.

Temporary Gains

As the gross national product got its embarrassing face lift, another vital measure of the U.S. economy—the balance of payments—also put forward its best face in many months. In its transactions with the rest of the world, announced Treasury Secretary Henry H. Fowler, the U.S. in 1965's second quarter took in \$132 million more than it sent abroad, the first quarterly surplus in nearly eight years.

Joe Fowler made clear that he considered the improvement temporary, and that the U.S. still has a balance-of-payments problem: "We don't take it as a sign that we have turned the corner from deficits to surpluses." Nonetheless, even the careful qualifications could not conceal the fact that the U.S. has come quite a way from its \$756 million loss in 1965's first quarter and the peak \$1.6 billion deficit of 1964's last quarter. If the new figures did not show that the payments problem is licked, they at least demonstrated how it can be dealt with. The factors that contributed to the new figures:

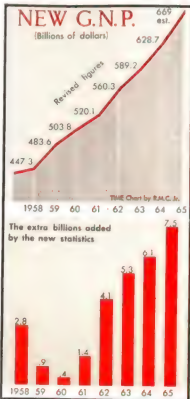
► A decline in loans to foreigners by U.S. banks of \$380 million from 1965's first quarter, caused by President Johnson's plea that U.S. banks "voluntarily" cut back on their overseas lending.

► A higher-than-normal (by \$300 million) trade surplus of \$1.27 billion resulting from stepped-up exports, a good part of which were released in a sudden flood after lying on the docks during last winter's dock strike.

► The return home of \$200 million in profits and working capital of U.S. subsidiaries overseas, prompted in part by the Administration's urging that money earned abroad not be left abroad.

► An unusually high number of advance orders from foreign nations for U.S. arms—totaling more than \$150 million for the quarter.

Quick to realize the temporary nature of these gains, Fowler refused to predict another surplus for the current quarter. Said he: "Expectations are that we'll lose ground." Just how much ground depends to a large extent on how many dollars are left abroad this summer by U.S. tourists, who have largely ignored the Administration's plea that they help the balance of payments by seeing America first. The



95¢ of each dollar instead of the 93¢ everyone had calculated. The difference alone means that in 1964 consumers spent \$11.7 billion more than figured—an amount equal to about 12% of the national budget. The study also showed that corporations, on the contrary, are saving more and investing more of their profits. Industry's investment in capital equipment was \$39.4 billion in 1964 instead of \$35.1 billion, and corporate profits were \$4.8 billion higher than estimated.

Despite the official embarrassment—"regrettable" was the key word in Washington last week—the changes make the statistics more useful than ever because they will enable companies to gear their production and sales effort more closely to how the U.S. economy is really performing. For U.S. workers they could even mean higher pay; some



AREN'T YOU A LITTLE PROUD THAT WE'RE NOT CONTRIBUTING TO THE GOLD OUTFLOW?

Government worries that Americans will spend \$2 billion more abroad this year than foreigners spend in the U.S.—a new record. Even more worrisome: the gap between what U.S. business spends abroad and what foreigners spend in the U.S. Despite the Government's urgings that they cut back, U.S. companies reporting to the Commerce Department now plan to spend abroad \$1.2 billion more during the rest of this year than they spent in the same period last year.

STEEL

Capital Ideas

Long burdened by unimaginative management, obsolete equipment and growing competition, U.S. Steel two years ago launched a massive reorganization program to bolster its lagging sales and earnings. The world's biggest steelmaker chopped its executive payroll, closed down or consolidated overlapping divisions and offices and sharply increased its research and capital expenditures. The effort is only now beginning to pay off. U.S. Steel's first-half earnings, while still substantially below those of the mid-50s, were 38% higher than in 1964. Sales were up 26%. Last week, determined to maintain the new momentum, Board Chairman Roger Blough announced plans for the most extensive financial reorganization and the greatest capital expenditure program in the company's 64-year history.

If stockholders approve, Big Steel will issue debentures—a form of promissory note—in exchange for the 3.6 million shares of its preferred stock now outstanding. Unlike the preferred stock, which represents equity in the company and guarantees a fixed annual dividend before any common stock dividends are distributed, a debenture is a company obligation that earns interest for its holder. To make the offer more palatable, U.S. Steel will pay debenture hold-

ers about \$30 million annually in interest, instead of the \$25 million they now receive in preferred stock dividends.

Enlightened Generosity. The seemingly generous gesture will actually benefit U.S. Steel. Debenture interest payments are deductible from federal corporate income taxes, thus will really cost the company only about \$15 million annually—\$10 million less than it is currently paying in preferred stock dividends, which are distributed out of after-tax earnings. The benefit to the preferred stockholders and to the company and its common stockholders were immediately recognized on Wall Street, where by week's end U.S. Steel's preferred stock jumped \$26 and its common stock \$2 per share. What puzzled many on Wall Street was why U.S. Steel had waited so long to follow the lead of National Lead, American Smelting & Refining and other firms that long ago exchanged their preferred stock for debentures.

To further improve its financial performance, U.S. Steel—which has operated under a New Jersey charter ever since it was put together by old J. P. Morgan—will merge with a subsidiary and incorporate in Delaware, whose corporate laws and taxes are among the most lenient in the U.S. The company will also increase the par, or nominal value, of its common stock from its current mathematically unwieldy \$16½ to a more tidy \$30 per share, largely to facilitate bookkeeping.

Attacking Obsolescence. The capital expenditures announced by U.S. Steel will need a healthy financial structure to support them. Over the next three years the company will spend \$1.8 billion—more than the entire industry's capital expenditures last year—to expand and modernize its facilities. Priority will be given to plants that will produce such products as flat-rolled sheet steel—used in great quantity by Detroit's automakers—and tin plate, high-

ly profitable items that now account for too little a share of U.S. Steel's current production.

The company will also construct new oxygen furnaces and blast furnaces, at least two continuous casting lines, finishing facilities and light structural steel and bar plants. The ambitious program is intended to replace the last of U.S. Steel's collection of obsolete equipment, better enabling the company to withstand the assaults of more modernized U.S. and foreign competitors, the inroads of substitute materials such as aluminum and plastics and the ever-present specter of rising labor costs.

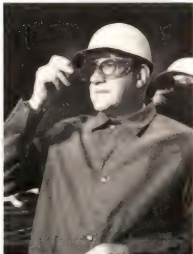
BANKING

The Urge to Unmerge

No cases have been pursued more vigorously by the Justice Department than its six current antitrust suits against bank mergers, which have been growing steadily in popularity in recent years. Last week Justice dealt with two of the cases in dissimilar ways, but in both sought to chop off a major portion of recently merged banks.

In Washington, Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach announced a compromise agreement to settle the Government's suit against the 1961 consolidation of Manhattan's Manufacturers Trust Co. and the Hanover Bank into the Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co.—a merger declared illegal in Federal court earlier this year (TIME, March 19). Although Katzenbach revealed no details, the \$7 billion, 135-branch Manufacturers Hanover Trust has reportedly agreed to shed as many as 40 branches by selling them to smaller competitors or forming them into a new, completely independent New York bank.

In San Francisco, where a 1963 merger of San Francisco's Crocker-Anglo National Bank and Los Angeles' Citizens National Bank into the Crocker-



BLOUGH INSPECTING NEW FURNACE
Maintaining the momentum.

Citizens National Bank is under attack in Federal court, the Justice Department proposed a more unusual remedy. If the merger is ruled illegal, it suggested, the Transamerica Corp.—a \$400 million holding company that initiated the merger and now owns 11% of Crocker-Citizens stock—should be ordered to establish a new statewide banking system that could compete with Crocker-Citizens, then to sell its interest in the new system to an independent third party.

The Justice Department's best-laid plans, however, may yet go astray. The Senate has already passed and the House is considering a bill that would exempt from antitrust action the banks involved in the six current cases. The bill would also make it vastly more difficult for Justice to bring antitrust suits against other U.S. banks, which many Congressmen feel are already amply regulated by federal agencies.

CORPORATIONS

Vitamins for Revlon

U.S. drug companies have been taking eagerly to cosmetics. Bristol-Myers was one of the first to beautify itself by buying Clairol. Among recent mergers: Chas. Pfizer and Coty, American Cyanamid and Breck. Last week, in a reverse play that took both the drug and the cosmetics industries by surprise, Revlon, Inc., whose sales of more than \$195 million in 1964 made it the second biggest U.S. cosmetics maker (after Avon Products), announced that it is buying a well-known U.S. drug company.

Revlon wants to acquire 30-year-old U.S. Vitamin & Pharmaceutical (vitamins, diabetic products, vascular drugs) for some of the same reasons that have drawn drug companies to cosmetics. Research in the two fields tends to overlap, often producing a cosmetic that a drug firm finds hard to market or a drug that a cosmetics manufacturer is at a loss to understand. Revlon hopes that combined research will turn up products that can be readily retailed in drug-stores, which are thoroughly covered by Revlon's crack 168-man sales force.

Revlon's aggressive chairman, Charles Revson, 58, is in a diversifying mood. In the past three years, he has bought six companies in everything from ladies' sportswear (Evan-Picone) to plastic packaging (Amerline), thereby added more than \$25 million a year to Revlon's sales. The \$67.5 million that Revlon will pay for U.S. Vitamin (1964 sales: \$21 million) may seem high, but Charlie Revson considers the price cheap enough in an age obsessed by health and about to be presented with Medicare. In the trade, there is already speculation about whether he plans to rewrite U.S. Vitamin's product list (Ardlin, Methischol, Aquasol) to bring it more in line with Revlon's—which bears such names as Million-Dollar Red, Fabulash and Pussy Cat Pink.

AVIATION

Taxis in the Sky

The man at the wheel does not jabber, there is no traffic to sit through, tips are often forbidden and the view is exhilarating. This is a taxi? In many parts of the U.S., it is—an air taxi, the fastest-growing segment of U.S. aviation. Air taxis link the 600 cities served by scheduled airlines with more than 6,000 communities that are not, carry businessmen, government officials and celebrities where they need to go in a hurry, and perform hundreds of functions from serving as ambulances to charting forest fires. In the past ten years, while 13 major airlines have

planes, 40¢ to 70¢ a mile or \$75 to \$120 per hour of flying time for twin-engine models. For busy men, the time saved makes the cost worthwhile. Fully one-fifth of the passengers on Jacksonville's Gateway Aviation are lawyers, who for \$85 each can zip 170 miles to Tallahassee, the state capital, and back in 2 hr. 10 min. v. an eight-hour trip by auto. Many taximen provide sandwiches and drinks, sell flight insurance, even let holders of well-known credit cards charge their flights.

Feeding on Customers. Helicopters, costly to buy and operate, constitute only a tiny fraction of the nation's 9,000-plane taxi fleet. Taxi companies range from one-man, one-plane outfits



BUSINESSMEN DEPLANING AT CHICAGO
To school and back: \$16.

shrunk to eleven and the ranks of feeder lines have remained at 13, the number of air-taxi operators certified by the Federal Aviation Agency has nearly doubled, from 1,560 to 3,026.

Specializing in Newsmen. There are almost as many jobs for air taxis as there are planes. During the Florida season, Chalk's Flying Service of Miami ferries as many as 5,000 vacationers a month to the Bahamas, often runs 18 flights a day. Chicago's Executive Airlines specializes in flying newsmen to the scene of riots and disasters, also frequently carries such luminaries as Bob Hope, Barry Goldwater and Jackie Kennedy. Every weekday a Cessna 172 floatplane from Lake Union Air Service whisks Chip Prentice, 7, between his island summer home on Puget Sound and school in Seattle 15 miles away. Cost to his dad, the owner of two manufacturing firms: \$16 a day, round trip. When Winthrop Rockefeller or ex-Labor Tycoon David McDonald travels from Los Angeles to Palm Springs, he makes the trip by air taxi in 30 minutes (v. two hours by auto) at a cost of \$60.40.

Most flights are quite expensive—largely because taxi outfits have neither federal subsidies nor fare regulation. Taximen usually charge 25¢ a mile or \$35 an hour for the hire of single-engine

to Detroit's 28-plane Tag Airlines, which has 100 employees and takes in \$1,000,000 a year. Typical of the type is nine-plane Pilgrim Airlines, which has tripled its business in five years (to 15,000 passengers a year) by offering six scheduled flights a day from New London, Conn., to New York's Kennedy Airport. The trip costs \$14.50 and takes only 50 min. instead of the three hours by car. Such regular commuter flights have become important sources of traffic for the major carriers. United Air Lines recently began reserving seats on connecting air taxis for its customers, and taximen would like the airlines to sell tickets too.

Loot Aloft. In emergencies the air taximan's problems can become hair-raising. Rushing a tiny electronic component to a Cape Kennedy rocket being held in a countdown, Florida Taximan Stuart Campbell had to land after midnight on a road marked only by auto headlights. When Pilot Robert Winsor of Executive Airlines learned over his earphones that his passenger was an escaping bank robber, he coolly switched his landing (blaming it on "weather") from Detroit to a suburban airport. There, police leaped from behind bushes along the runway and seized the suspect—and his briefcase of loot.

BRITAIN

Clouds of Recession

In its struggle to defend the battered pound, Britain's Labor government has not only borrowed heavily abroad but has severely cut back its whole welfare program in favor of the toughest clampdown on Britain's overheated economy since the early '50s. Purpose: to create a measure of deflation and thereby dampen Britain's appetite for buying more abroad than it sells, a habit that has upset the country's trade balance and contributed heavily to the pound's troubles. Last week, with stunning swiftness, the government began getting its way. The first clouds of recession rolled across Britain, and with them came the question of whether Labor's strong measures had caused as many troubles as they cured.

Layoffs & Cutbacks. Ford Motor Co. Ltd., Britain's second largest automaker, put 10,000 workers on a four-day week, starting this week. Reason: the credit restrictions imposed by Labor in June have cut home demand (exports are at record levels). Hoover Ltd., a major washing-machine maker, ordered 4,000 Welsh and Scottish workers onto a short week starting Sept. 6. The Transport Ministry postponed for six months about half of the \$140 million in road building that was to have started shortly. Most telltale of all, unemployment leaped by 58,333—a startling 20%—in the four weeks from mid-July to mid-August (it is still a relatively low 1.7% of the work force).

In response to the news, prices slumped on London's stock market—and on Wall Street. One of the few cheerful notes involved the price of the pound itself, which remained steady for the second straight week without support from the Bank of England, thanks chiefly to the encouraging fact that Britain's trade gap for July fell to a trivial \$2,800,000. There was some economic news to grin about too, including efforts by a big oil company to grab more of the country's gasoline market by hiring bikini-clad station attendants to give away one gallon free.

The Labor government's aim is not only to wipe out Britain's trade deficit next year, but also to shock ordinary citizens, businessmen and labor into grasping the gravity of Britain's economic plight—and then reforming the featherbedding, from chairman to charwoman, that has helped to cause it. Prime Minister Harold Wilson recently warned that "complacent and prosperous manufacturers must get off their backsides," insisted that Britain can no longer tolerate "workers who inflict harm on production with go-slows or sporadic strikes in defiance of their own union." A government report has just accused Jack Dash, the unofficial leader of London's dock workers, of disrupting



DOCK LEADER DASH
Some lessons to learn.

export-centered work on London's docks. Though the government does not admit so publicly, its policy is now clearly aimed at creating unemployment on purpose to rid the economy of irresponsible labor disturbances, force workers to shift into the most productive industries.

Stagnation or Default? The economic Battle of Britain is only beginning. The pound faces another crisis in the fall, when seasonally unfavorable trade figures are likely to trigger another run on sterling. The National Institute of Economic and Social Research last week warned that Britain, by crimping its economy to balance its trade, is likely to suffer a halt in economic growth.



GASSING UP IN CANTERBURY
Some effects to grin about.

After 1966, said the institute, Britain will face a choice between 1) economic "quasi-stagnation" and rising unemployment to hold down imports, or 2) a level of imports that will make it hard to repay on time the \$2.5 billion it borrowed to defend sterling. There is just one way for Britain to escape those unpleasant alternatives: get rid of its lingering inefficiencies.

WEST GERMANY

The Egg Man

Price wars are a way of life for Fritz-Karl Schulte, 40, a leader among the restless breed of West German entrepreneurs who have cut consumer costs by introducing modern production and merchandising methods. One of the first things he did when he took over his father's struggling knitting mill in 1956 was to begin selling seamless nylon stockings in supermarkets for 75¢ a pair—half the standard price. Today, every other pair of women's hosiery sold in West Germany is made by his firm, Schulte & Dieckhoff, whose sales have increased twentyfold in the past nine years, to \$90 million.

Certain Invasion. After pulling up his stocking sales, bull-necked (collar size: 18 1/2) Schulte built a shirt factory in Italy, where labor costs are lower, supplied it with nylon material from his German mills. Last year he began sending tens of thousands of men's dress shirts to West German shops at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$2, less than half the price that other shirtmakers asked. In the resulting price war, retail shirt prices fell as low as \$1 and dozens of smaller competitors went out of business. Schulte has collared a quarter of West Germany's \$200 million shirt market.

Schulte's Italian plant and six factories scattered throughout Germany daily produce 1,100,000 pairs of women's stockings, 150,000 pairs of socks, 100,000 shirts and 40,000 women's tights. Yet Schulte is busy finding new areas to which he can apply his cost-cutting tactics. He is building in the Ruhr Valley a multimillion-dollar plant that the West German sweater industry is convinced will soon be producing tens of thousands of low-cost synthetic sweaters every day. Result: the \$375 million industry is mobilizing for almost certain invasion and a price war.

Efficient Hens. As if that were not enough, Schulte is also taking on the German farmer, one of the country's most powerful political blocs. Tempted by the backward production and marketing practices of egg producers, he bought a chicken farm last February and started applying his methods to the hens. By installing automatic feed conveyor belts and coop cleaning machinery, Schulte has sharply reduced his work force. He has built up a flock of



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What's so different about Merrill Lynch?

The other day we sat around talking about it.

Size? Yes. We do have more offices than any other broker—but most times investors only deal with one office anyway. So what difference does that make?

Facilities? Each of our offices is equipped with the finest we can provide for serving investors—but so are the offices of any number of other member firms.

Personnel? People are people. Some good. Some not so good. Hard to claim an edge there—except we do think our Training School does a whole of a job in picking good men and giving them a solid grounding in the fundamentals of the business.

How about attitude? Now maybe we're getting somewhere. All of us at Merrill Lynch are guided by the basic precept that our customers' interest must always come first—or they don't come back.

Just how do we translate that precept into action?

In a variety of ways. For instance, whenever we issue a printed report on any company we show the general extent of our officers' interest in the securities of that company—so the customer can judge for himself the extent of possible bias.

Again, when our Research Division issues a report on a company, no officer or employee may act on that information and buy or sell the stock for 48 hours after the report appears.

There are many other ways in which we act to protect the customers' interest, but most important of all is the special consideration we try to give to each and every customer's individual problem.

If you'll come in and talk to us about your situation, if you'll tell us just what you're hoping to achieve with your investment dollars, we'll be happy to put that principle into practice and let you decide what—if anything—is so different about Merrill Lynch.



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TEXAS CATTLE LEAVING THE "EL CORRAL" AT ANTWERP
Pace to the point of discord.

80,000 hens that lay as many as 50,000 eggs a day—thus making himself West Germany's largest egg producer.

This time, instead of cutting prices, Schulte is selling his "dew-fresh" eggs at 6¢ to 9¢ more per dozen than his competitors. His gimmick: stamping the laying date on each egg, rushing the eggs to stores by the following morning and guaranteeing their freshness. "My method means sales ten times as great per worker as in the textile industry," he says. "It shows how ridiculous it is to talk about agriculture's not being profitable." Germany's notoriously inefficient small farmers and egg distributors look at such ingenuity differently—as unfair competition. They are clamoring for legislation in the Bundestag that will limit Schulte's activities in agriculture.

WORLD TRADE

Feeding Western Europe

Off the Panamanian freighter *El Corral* and onto Pier 27 in Belgium's port of Antwerp last week tramped 867 head of Texas cattle—on a one-way trip. They were the forerunners of a U.S. attempt to successfully export U.S. beef on the hoof to Europe, which has long had a prejudice against more easily transported frozen beef. The cattle were not the only American arrivals in European ports. U.S. farm exports are pouring into the Common Market at so fast a pace that they have become a major point of discord at Kennedy Round meetings between the U.S. and the Big Six, which fear that lower European tariffs can only result in an even greater flood of U.S. goods.

Giving a vast assist to the U.S. balance of payments (see U.S. BUSINESS), U.S. farmers last year exported to Western Europe \$1.4 billion worth of everything from soybeans to turkeys, and so far this year have matched that


record pace. Helped along by European shortages of beef and pork, exports of U.S. meat have gone from \$51 million to \$74 million in a year. Tobacco and cotton have swung upward from \$236 million to \$295 million. The greatest increase was in animal feeds (from \$521 million to \$672 million), which ironically can only serve to reduce U.S. meat sales. Even now, U.S. feed may be helping to fatten France's excellent Charolais cattle, which were bred, like Charles de Gaulle's *force de frappe*, to give France a louder voice at the world's conference tables, be they in the palaces of Geneva or the stockyards of Chicago.

FRANCE

Playing with Trains for Profit

Flattened by wave after wave of inflation and devaluation, many Frenchmen have developed a peasantlike distrust of stocks, bonds or paper money—and an earthy passion for material goods. These fears and desires are being profitably exploited by two French businessmen who are giving their countrymen something as good as gold (which Frenchmen still hoard to the extent of \$5 billion) to sink their savings into. The entrepreneurs' basic idea: buy your own railroad car.

Men Will Be Boys. This unique bit of entrepreneurship was conceived eleven years ago by Jean-Pierre Bruggeman, 44, and Jean Thomachot, 39, then French wine merchants in Algeria. They discovered that there was more money to be made in casks for shipping than in the wine. Extending the idea, they founded an investment company called Algeco to buy up railroad tank cars at prices ranging from \$7,000 to \$26,000, then leased the cars to oil companies and skimmed off 20% of the revenue as a management fee. Today Algeco owns more than 8,000 tank cars that haul



How long would your company pay your salary if you were unable to work?

Even the most generous employer couldn't be expected to carry you, at full salary, through a lengthy disability. That's why income replacement is your *first* health insurance need.

Consider this. If you're age 32 and earning \$7,500 a year, your future earning potential is well over a quarter of a million dollars. If you owned property worth that much, you'd never dream of letting it go uninsured—yet you're probably doing just that to yourself.

Perhaps you're the rare person with enough health insurance to meet heavy medical bills. But what about your living expenses—rent, food, clothing, schooling? What happens to all that when the paychecks stop?

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everything from crude oil to liquid gas all over Europe. Thanks to generous depreciation write-offs and almost constant use of the cars, the investors who own individual railroad cars earn 10% to 12% annually on their money.

Bruggeman believes that playing with trains has a deep appeal for men: "The investor extends his childhood dreams by first buying an oil car, then adding a liquid gas car, then one for chemicals, and finally an automobile transporter." Many multiracial families among Algeco's 6,000 investors have their names engraved on the sides of their railroad cars and often appear at the company's offices off the Champs Elysées to check on the location of their cars. Co-Presidents Bruggeman and Thomachot encourage this personal interest by inviting visiting investors to "drop by for a whisky and tête-à-tête."

30 Years to Wait. Algeco has been so successful that it has branched into other fields, invested \$100 million of its

JEAN MARGUET



ALGECO'S BRUGGEMAN & THOMACHOT
Names engraved and a 12% return.

shareholders' money in such tangibles as vending machines, trailer trucks and real estate. Last week Thomachot roved the Riviera for what Algeco calls the "investments of the future"—land that can be made into marinas, golf clubs and vacation villages. Algeco already manages a three-château country club outside Paris, an all-year golf course in Lavandou and a 1,500-yacht marina in the bay of Saint-Tropez. Not long ago, it began selling individual lots in France to investors for \$600 apiece, then constructing garages, apartments and office buildings on the lots.

In one of its newest offshoots, Algeco is also offering investors parcels of freshly seeded forest land for \$800. Though the investor must wait 30 years for his trees to grow up, Algeco's executives claim that each parcel by then should be worth more than \$4,000—which, they point out, is enough to provide a fetching dowry for a daughter.



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tom left, the *Saturn*, our finest FM-AM portable with earphone, batteries.

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PHYSICALLY, Reader's Digest comes as close as anything I know to Instant Reading

easy to pick up, easy to carry, easy to plunge right into, easy to absorb, but awfully hard to stop reading once you have started—something like eating popcorn.

And, I warn you, it's habit forming.

It's impressive that The Digest goes to 16 million families in the U.S. and that it is published in 14 languages, including Chinese, circulating in every free nation, reaching 75 million people every month.

However, I can't quite get these figures through my head.

Just to please me

I prefer to believe that DeWitt and Lila Wallace got up this fine

little magazine for me—and me alone.

All month long they and their colleagues screen articles, put them through the chamois and scour the world for stories—just to please me.

They type it all up, walk over to a little printer in Pleasantville they know and watch him ink up the press. When they are through they have one copy and they mail it to me.

To perceive my Reader's Digest in any other terms seems ridiculous. For The Digest addresses itself to my secret aspirations. It admonishes my singular weaknesses. It tickles my very special funny bone.

Even back in the early Twenties when The Digest was published in a neighbor's barn in Pleasantville, it apparently had a purpose beyond that of condensing articles from a wide variety of sources and reprinting them in a handy-size pamphlet.

Born with a mission

Significantly, I think, the lead article in the first issue (February, 1923) was titled, "How to Keep Young Mentally," describing the philosophy of Alexander Graham Bell.

So you might say the mission of The Digest at the outset was "How to get more out of life."

Over the years it seems to me that one great overriding purpose has emerged, namely, dedication to the proposition that

collective solutions to problems start with individual human beings and individual efforts

—that one-manpower or one-womanpower is the strongest force on earth.

Part and parcel of this is a rededication to grit, gumption, decency and good solid horse sense.

Although a crusader of the first order, it does not ride on a white charger or carry a spear. It does not preach, but helps me come to my own conclusions.

Not for low-brows

The Digest is not merely a "nice" magazine, which writes only about "nice" subjects. It can be tough as hell, and often is.

There are probably many

servants who look down their scholarly noses at it. But to anyone who believes that The Digest is for the simple-minded or the low-brows, I recommend another look. Apparently there are no subjects too knotty or abstruse for its editors to tackle, from the most advanced technology to foreign affairs. They only make it seem easy.

The only disparagement of The Digest I have ever heard is from the wag who warned that an avid reader of it might "know too little about too much," and you can't help wondering what two constant readers might say to each other.

Back from the printers

Well, DeWitt and Lila Wallace have just been over to the printers and have sent me proofs of the July issue.

Exposing myself to the danger of knowing too little about too many things, I found it interesting to learn that the black rhinoceros, a leftover from the pre-historic age, is the world's most valuable animal and faces extinction because of the ignorant notion that a ground-up rhino horn is a powerful aphrodisiac

that in the laboratory we are on the verge of creating an actual living cell.

that it is easy to drown with a life preserver unless you have exactly the right kind and know how to use it.

that discount houses don't always offer the best bargains.

that scientists have uncovered some basic clues to the mystery of cancer.

I was fascinated by the story of Jeanne Dixon, the famous seeress in Washington, D. C., who predicted the assassination of President Kennedy; and by the story of Rudolf Nureyev, the incredible Russian dancer who escaped from his Soviet guards in Paris in 1961.

I was properly admonished by the article entitled, "The Vanishing American Father" and I

was glad to be brought up-to-date on the pros and cons of the so-called "Air Force" low carbohydrate diet.

I was inspired by the winning fight of Jockey Johnny Longden against arthritis.

I cringed when I read "Save the English Language," but was relieved to learn that the Post-Office and the Treasury Department share with us advertising people some of the blame for the corruption of our mother tongue.

The conscience of advertising

In the article entitled, "Smoke the Bear and His Friends" I was proud to have the story of the public service contributions of the Advertising Council told so thoroughly and interestingly.

I was moved by the need for a spiritual renaissance as expressed in the philosophy of Albert Schweitzer; and my convictions were bolstered by the story entitled "Let's Not Kid the Kids," exposing the fallacy of running away from aggressors, a policy preached at "teach-ins" by many leading university professors.

I found the usual abundance of nuts and raisins in such regular features as "Toward a More Picturesque Speech," "Quotable Quotes," and "Laughter, the Best Medicine."

If you too are a regular reader of The Digest, I urge that you should steer clear of me, because I am almost sure to tell you something interesting I have just read in the last issue.

Leo Burnett

Thirty years ago in Chicago, Leo Burnett and seven associates formed the Leo Burnett Company and set out a bowl of red apples on a table in the reception room. Today the advertising agency is listed among the ten largest in the world, has more than 1,000 employees and maintains offices in Chicago, New York, Hollywood, Toronto, Montreal and London.

Among Mr. Burnett's many extracurricular activities are the Mayor's Committee for the Economic and Cultural Development of Chicago and The Advertising Council, of which he is a director and a past chairman. At his suggestion, Reader's Digest is making a donation to The Advertising Council in return for his analysis of The Digest's editorial content.



They'd fill the Civic Opera House 107 times!



...the satisfied savers of
First Federal of Chicago

A salesman from Oak Park...a merchant from Brazil...a secretary from La Salle Street. Ever wonder why they and thousands of others entrust their savings to First Federal of Chicago? *

No big mystery, really. Our savers enjoy the peace of mind that comes with doing business with the largest savings association in the world under one roof. (We're \$500-million strong.) They like getting better-than-bank rates, with insured safety. And they know they're in the best of company, because more men and women save at First Federal than at

any other savings association in the whole of Chicagoland.

We're just as popular with families who are buying or building a home. And that makes a lot of sense, because we've specialized in home financing for more than 32 years. We know Chicago and its suburbs like the back of our hand.

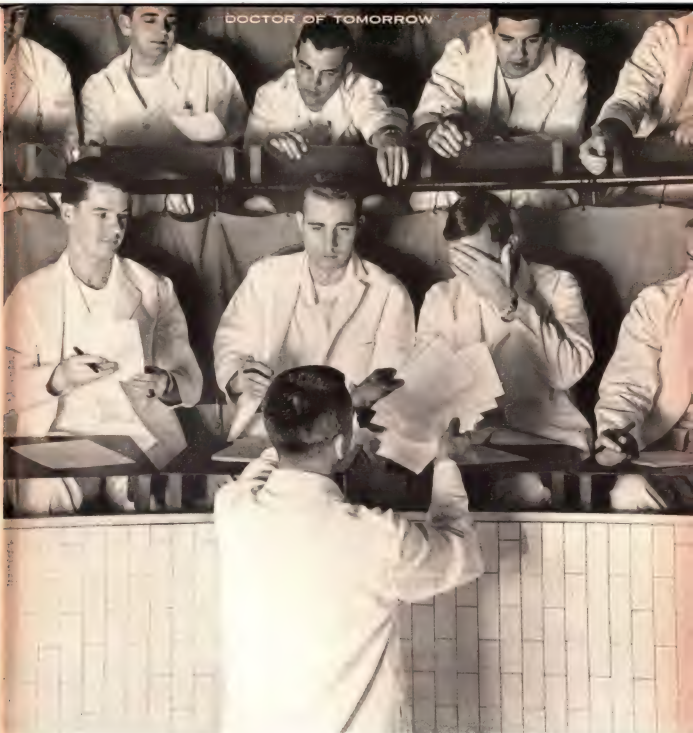
Year after year, increasing numbers of both savers and home buyers get that good, safe First Federal feeling of security.

**FIRST
FEDERAL
SAVINGS
AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
OF CHICAGO**



MEMBER: FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN INSURANCE CORPORATION, FEDERAL HOME LOAN BANK SYSTEM DEARBORN AT MADISON FE-2560

DOCTOR OF TOMORROW



Here come the panic papers!

Every doctor in the making remembers such panicky moments. What was supposed to be a routine class turns into a spot quiz. As those fateful bits of scrap paper are passed around, even the most brilliant student feels a frightening sense of being unprepared.

It happens again and again during a man's ten years or more of study and training to serve you. And it should. For all through a doctor's life, there are medical crises that give no warning. And only the most thorough preparedness can meet them.

Thorough preparation is the very essence of A. H. Robins pharmaceutical research. Years of costly experiment and clinical testing go into every new and better medicine developed in the A. H. Robins laboratories. For only *proven* advances will satisfy your doctors of today and tomorrow.

A. H. ROBINS CO., INC., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

A.H. Robins

Making today's medicines with integrity... seeking tomorrow's with persistence.



GROWN-UP GOZZI

Candid eyes, three years deeper.

Darkness in Brittany

Rapture is hardly the word for this penumbral play of love against loneliness. But whatever the name, the film will boost the artistic stock of English Director John Guillermin, whose feature films have covered such varied terrain as *The Day They Robbed the Bank of England*, *Waltz of the Toreadors* and *Guns at Batasi*. And it will clinch the reputation of France's 15-year-old Patricia Gozzi, whose first big role was in the warmly praised *Sundays and Cybele* (TIME, Dec. 7, 1962). The three years have deepened her mobile beauty and candid eyes, and have added a new range that enables her to bring off an astonishingly subtle and convincing leap to maturity after one of the movie's climactic scenes.

In a big, brooding farmhouse on the coast of Brittany, surf roaring and crashing against the rocks below, lives a fierce-eyed, craggy recluse (Melvyn Douglas)—once a prominent judge in Paris, and now a bitter misanthrope who spends most of his time hibernating his onetime friends with mimeographed diatribes about justice. With him live Agnes, his "strange" daughter (Gozzi), and Karen, a sexy slattern of a maid (Gunnel Lindblom, a recruit from the stable of Swedish Director Ingmar Bergman).

Agnes makes a scarecrow out of her father's old black suit, and when an escaped criminal (Dean Stockwell) puts on the scarecrow's clothes and collapses from a wound, the lonely threesome discover three compelling reasons to shelter him from the police. To the irascible old judge, he is a potential audience; to Karen, he is a potential bedmate; to Agnes, he is her mystical scarecrow come to life. In the unfolding of the story, each eventually gets something of his wish.

The actors serve their roles superbly, easily overcoming the initial incongruity of diverse accents that is inherent in

the new international style of casting. Stockwell, if a little too prettily dimpled for his own good, is a sensitive fugitive and lover; Lindblom is as undomesticated a domestic as a young sailor on the lam could wish. Melvyn Douglas, one of Hollywood's smoothest eyebrow-archers in the drawing-room comedies of the '30s, began a promising new career as *Hud's* grizzled old man, is even better now. But *Rapture* really belongs to the blazing Miss Gozzi, who begins as the same frightened, fantasy-struck child Cybele was, and graduates to a woman's love through joy, homicidal rage and searing pain, hardly making a move that does not register on the heart.

That Old Feeling

A Married Woman was recommended for banning by France's *Commission de la Censure*. Much of its footage consists of couples in bed with no clothes on. But what turned out to be worrying the *Commission* was not nudity but an implied slur on the grandeur of French domesticity: the ban was rescinded when the article in the title was changed from *The* to *A*, no longer implying that the adulterous lady in question was typical of women in France. And anyway, those naked bodies in bed are about as sexy as an illustrated lecture on dermatology—lots of skin, but all in bits and pieces.

A woman's hand slides into view across a sheet. A man's hand appears and clasps its wrist. Then his fingers languidly caress a knee, a shoulder, an elbow, a torso. And all in the clear, shadowless light of an operating room. At last the fragments of anatomy grow heads: Charlotte and Robert. They are lovers, and as they get dressed, they communicate in cool, laconic mono-

inspired not by international understanding but by cold cash at the box office. Stringing a film with talent from three different national markets—the U.S., France, Sweden—is like fishing with three hooks instead of one.

tones, like intergalactic messages across the light years.

Next it is Charlotte and her husband Pierre, an airplane pilot who has just flown in from Germany with a noted reporter. Pierre invites the fellow to the house. At dinner, Charlotte and Pierre go through domestic clichés for the newsman's benefit: the cute house, the nice neighborhood, the exceptional TV set. Afterwards everyone has a monologue—Pierre on the importance of memory, Charlotte on the importance of living in the present, the journalist on the importance of intelligence. Then Charlotte and Pierre go to bed and run through the predictably tedious anatomical rituals and the same signals across space.

The next afternoon, in a hotel room at Orly Airport, from which Robert, an actor, is leaving on a week's engagement, Charlotte again gets that old feeling—wrist, knee, elbow, torso. This time Robert is in a rush. His plane leaves in 30 minutes, but he spends most of his time in a monologue on role playing v. real life. End of movie, with Charlotte's disembodied hand sliding across the sheet out of the screen and leaving it empty.

A Married Woman is the work of Jean-Luc Godard, who shook up the movie world five years ago with *Breathless*, and has made eight far-out features since—notably *My Life to Live* and *A Woman Is a Woman*. In this, as in most of his other films, he exhibits an irresistible weakness for obtrusion, visual puns, inside jokes and all sorts of self-indulgent photographic whimsies, such as irrelevantly shooting a sequence at a 90° tilt.

As a sociological tract on the mechanization of modern middle-class sex, Charlotte's switching between husband and lover like a couple of television channels gets a little redundant. But Godard's clear-eyed camera work—studying the play of character on a talking face, catching the choreography of everyday life—is worth watching. So is the sly felinity of Actress Macha Meril.



CHARLOTTE & LOVER



CHARLOTTE & HUSBAND

Dermatology lecture, skin-deep.

**When Air Express says
delivery by tomorrow to 21,000
communities, it means it.**



Even if it's Fairbanks, Alaska.

Nobody covers America like Air Express. In reach. In speed. On or off airline routes.

Air Express is a joint venture of all 39 scheduled airlines and REA Express. This combination links 132,000 miles of air routes with 240,000 miles of surface routes.

Your shipments get priority after air mail on every scheduled airline in America. Door to door, all it takes

is one call, one waybill. And rates are often lower than even surface carrier.

So if you ship 5 to 50 pounds anywhere in the U. S. A., you're missing a bet unless you check Air Express. But don't be confused. There's only one Air Express... call your local REA Express office.

Air Express outdelivers them all... anywhere in the U. S. A.

Air Express
Division of REA Express



IS YOUR CREATIVE DIRECTOR AFRAID OF NETWORK RADIO?

He certainly might be. People accustomed to working only with pictures, props and color can find radio strange and forbidding.

Fortunately, a good many creative directors are pretty courageous people. After all, they're the ones behind most of today's innovating. And from innovation comes progress.

Nevertheless, it's easy to get into a "way of doing things." Some creative directors have spent so much time being creative with film and paper they've forgotten that nothing is more visual than individual imagination.

They've forgotten that imagination creates a world far more personal and pleasing than any offered it from the outside.

They've forgotten that nothing stimulates the imagination like the creative use of sound.

And they've forgotten, perhaps, that radio is the one medium that goes directly to the imagination, where the sale is always made.

It's easy to forget, once you've gotten into "a way of doing things."

But it pays to remember that radio's only creative limitations are all the sounds in the world and the listener's imagination. That's why the creative use of network radio has had such noteworthy results for so many advertisers and so many creative directors.

At ABC, we've put a lot into network radio so that agencies and clients can get a lot out. Like many creative directors, we believe in the medium. Once you know the facts, you will too.

They're simple as ABC.



THE ABC RADIO NETWORK 351 OF THE MOST EFFECTIVE STATIONS ANYWHERE!





Star-spangled way to sweeten up your future

The old American proverb says, "money isn't everything, but it sure helps."

And that goes double for the money you put in U. S. Savings Bonds. Because this money helps two important ways.

First, it helps your future. Putting youngsters through college. Building homes and summer cottages. Buying cruises for you and the spouse. You dream it; Bonds can deliver it.

Second, it helps your country now, by making Uncle Sam a stronger influence in an unsettled world.

Your fellow Americans have tucked

over 48 billion dollars into U. S. Savings Bonds. Why not join them? There's no safer investment anywhere in the world.

Quick facts about Series E Savings Bonds

- ✓ You get back \$4 for every \$3 at maturity (7½ years)
- ✓ Your Bonds are replaced free if lost, destroyed or stolen
- ✓ You can get your money when you need it
- ✓ You pay no state or local income tax and can defer payment of federal tax until the Bonds are cashed

Buy E Bonds for growth
—H Bonds for current income

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds

STAR-SPANGLED SAVINGS PLAN
FOR ALL AMERICANS



SPOT

LIFE

Want to add selling pressure
in your top TV markets?



Buy **LIFE** city by city. Reach as many people as a weekly television show—at a more efficient cost per thousand.

Starting with the September 3rd issue you can buy LIFE city by city the way you buy spot TV, in the markets where you need to put extra advertising support.

Add SPOT LIFE to your network TV and you'll get greater cost efficiency than you'd get by adding a prime time spot. Your reach will be better, both in numbers and the quality of the audience. With SPOT LIFE you reach the people

TV misses, and you improve frequency among light viewers. LIFE's average reach in top TV markets is 41% of all households.

Pick any combination of these 20 markets, so long as the insertion totals at least 750,000 circulation.

Call your LIFE salesman and ask him to show you how SPOT LIFE can work for you.

SPOT

LIFE

BOOKS



HISTORIAN BRUCE CATTON AT GETTYSBURG
With sympathy for all.

Ideal Guide

NEVER CALL RETREAT by Bruce Catton. 555 pages. Doubleday. \$7.50

On May 13, 1865, one month after Appomattox, a few hundred Union soldiers fought it out with a tiny Confederate force on the Rio Grande. Those were the last shots fired in the War Between the States. But the ensuing silence did not long endure. Before the year was out, hostilities had been resumed on that bloodless battlefield where all wars, all campaigns and all causes go after they die: the history books. Today, one century later, it begins to seem possible that historians will go on enthusiastically rewriting the war until kingdom come.

Buff & Pedant. One of the busiest and best is Bruce Catton. Catton published his first Civil War book in 1951, when he was 52, but he has since made up for lost time. This new book, which completes a Civil War-centennial trilogy begun ten years ago, is his tenth on the subject. Together, they have sold 2,449,008 copies in hard cover and an additional 1,189,540 in paperback.

Part of Catton's popularity rests, to be sure, on the habits of the Civil War buff, who cannot resist buying everything. The addict knows all there is to know about the Civil War, and impatiently awaits the next title so that he can begin the exhilarating task of exposing the author's—any author's—bad judgment. Catton too is a buff; more buff, perhaps, than pedant. And because he is, he makes an ideal guide.

One good reason for this is that Catton conscientiously strives to find the fresh detail or revised insight that can make each old story new. Pridigious is the only word for the research that went into his centennial trilogy: all the battlefields revisited, 3,500 different

sources consulted, 9,000,000 words of fresh notes. Like its two predecessors, *The Coming Fury* (1961) and *Terrible Swift Sword* (1963), *Never Call Retreat* can be read pleasurably and usefully even by someone familiar with all of Catton's other works.

New Perspectives. This final installment opens on the battle of Fredericksburg and closes with Lincoln's assassination. "It was the heaviest bullet, all things considered," writes Catton, "ever fired in America." Wherever possible Catton finds new perspectives along that blood-soaked two-year trail. Of Chickamauga, he writes: "The Union government sent 37,000 soldiers to Tennessee: the Confederacy sent Jefferson Davis. The contrast does not reflect different ideas about what was needed: it simply measures the extent of the resources at hand. Each government did the most it could do."

The war is steadily weighed against the Union's purpose, which fluctuated as wildly as the war itself along a course clearer perhaps to the historian than to the participant: "The nation had not been driven to war by its desire to free the slaves; instead it had been driven to free the slaves by its desire to win the war." In 1861, Lincoln agreed with Congress that "the Constitution could never, in all time, be changed in such a way as to permit interference with the institution of slavery." Four years later, he was pressing the 13th Amendment on the nation—and in Richmond, Jefferson Davis signed an order offering emancipation for any Negro slave who would bear arms for the South.

Gentle Wisdom. As always, Catton deals gently with the profound errors in generalship that, on both sides, tragically upped the cost in blood. The worst he can find to say of the Union's Ben Butler, who never once did the right thing on any battlefield, is that

his "military operations defy rational analysis."

The same wisdom leads Catton to a singularly gentle conclusion about the war's finish and about those who lost. Lee might have commanded his men to melt into the hills, there to wage an endless guerrilla warfare that, in Catton's opinion, could have "ruined America forever." One of Lee's officers proposed this course, but Lee rejected it. Lincoln might have imposed vengeful terms on the defeated South. He did not.

"By any standard," writes Catton, "this was an almost unbelievable way to end a civil war, which by all tradition is the worst kind of war there is. Living for the rest of their lives in the long gray shadow of the Lost Cause, Lee's men were nevertheless going on toward the future. Pride in what they had done would grow with the years; but it would turn them into a romantic army of legend and not into a sullen battalion of death."

Fierce Logic

THE LUMINOUS DARKNESS by Howard Thurman. 113 pages. Harper & Row. \$3.

Somewhere in the South, a Negro seats himself in a newly integrated café. "Do you have any collard greens?" he asks the waitress. "Do you have any pigs' feet or pigs' tails? Do you have any mustard greens and corn bread?" To each question, the answer is no. "Well," says the Negro, "you folks aren't ready for integration."

With that apocryphal story, Author Thurman makes several points. The white South is indeed not ready for integration. Integration cannot fully arrive as long as the Negro feels he must strip himself of his folkways to enter the white man's world, or as long as the white man expects him to.

Forces of Segregation. Dr. Thurman, an author, a lecturer and a Negro, is dean emeritus of Boston University's



HOWARD THURMAN
With comfort for none.

An invitation to all bright young men and women to consider Advertising as a career

The only necessary qualifications are intelligence...imagination...the ability to endure hard work
plus a positive, personal belief in the free enterprise system.



Someone once defined Advertising as *one business that's essential for the ultimate success of most businesses.*

He might have added...and *most research, too.* For almost everything that's developed to serve mankind—through research in industry...science...or medicine—eventually must have customers to buy it.

And Advertising helps find them.

He might also have added that Advertising helps sustain most forms of public communication, too.

The free, self-supporting, privately-owned press and broadcasting facilities of our nation are costly to run—but the advertising space and time they sell not only help pay for their upkeep but their improvement.

And finally, he could have mentioned that Advertising is the business that's the very lifeblood of our economic system—stimulating, as it does, a constant flow of goods and cash back and forth through all the financial veins and arteries of the entire free enterprise body.

Obviously, a business so interconnected with the future of all business requires the best brains in the country to keep itself geared to the future.

Young brains

Which is where you are concerned.

Advertising now needs many bright, young men and women to become part of its dynamic future.

What are the requirements?

Your background doesn't count as much as your mind. A college education is important but not essential. What is required

from you is intelligence...enthusiasm...common sense...and *persuasiveness.* The last is most important, for Advertising is essentially the art of *persuasion.* Add to this the ability to think logically, write clearly. If you have artistic talent, that's fine.

But there's much more to Advertising than merely writing slogans or drawing pictures.

Many careers

Advertising is a very complex business that offers broad career opportunities in accounting, psychology, marketing, sales promotion, media evaluation, media sales, personnel work, typography, photoengraving, film-making and general business management.

It has been called the most fascinating business in the world. But it's no place for the dilettante, the lazy or the mediocre thinker. Its working pace weeds them out fast.

Yet, while it demands a tremendous amount of time, energy and effort from you, Advertising does reward you commensurately.

It's one business in which you get paid well for what you do well.

Is it true what the "critics" say about Advertising?

The biggest objection to Advertising seems to be that it makes people want things they really don't need.

These are such things as refrigerator-freezers, air conditioners, movie cameras, sports cars, dishwashing machines, clothes dryers, frozen foods, instant foods, vita-

mins, new synthetic fibers for lightweight clothing, TV sets, stereo, hi-fi, two automobiles, more leisure time and the equipment to enjoy it: boats, skis, fishing and hunting equipment, fast travel by jet—just to name a few.

Sure...we could get along without most of these "unnecessary" adjuncts to modern living—and we really wouldn't miss them if we turned back the clock to the days before you were born.

For as you may or may not realize, most of these things came into real distribution only during your young lifetime.

And Advertising helped make all of them possible.

So, in a broad sense...a good part of the good life you take for granted today has been stimulated by Advertising over the past twenty years.

If you would like to make this good life even better, not only for yourself but for future generations...you might become part of the business that helps produce it...Advertising.

What to do

If you would like information about various Advertising careers...in the Advertising department of a store...company...newspaper...magazine...radio or television station...or other media...with media representatives...in an Advertising agency...or with a supplier to the Advertising industry...write to American Association of Advertising Agencies, Headquarters, 200 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. You will receive a prompt reply. And we, the people in Advertising, wish you the very best of luck.

A.A.A.A.

Executive Headquarters, 200 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

campus chapel. Into this book he has packed a lifetime's contemplation on a matter to which no man should have to give a second thought: the color of his face. It is Thurman's personal interpretation of what segregation means to the Negro, to the white man and to the human spirit. His words, though softly spoken, will give comfort to none of the three.

Until 1954, Thurman argues, the Southern white liberal had been willing to improve the Negro's lot—better colored schools, better ghettos—so long as the system remained intact. But after 1954, the liberal could go on helping the Negro only by declaring himself an integrationist under the terms of the Supreme Court decision. And since he was no integrationist, he withdrew.

That left the field open to the segregationist, says Thurman. No voice rallied the liberal, or that far larger body of moderates who seldom move without a command, during that vital interval before the forces of segregation, then disunited, gathered and took charge. The only voice that might have prevented this, says Thurman, that might have stirred the moderates and won the liberals, was President Eisenhower's—and Eisenhower kept silent until the situation had already degenerated into violence at Little Rock.

Inspirational Leadership. Dr. Thurman gives even poorer marks to the church. By perpetuating the Southern pattern of separation, the church "lost the initiative to inspire" in a struggle that sorely needed inspirational leadership. "The right to act as a result of religious conviction has been forfeited and has to be reclaimed."

He ends with a plea: "If the Christian limited his practice to other Christians, thereby guaranteeing that the church, wherever it existed, at whatever cost, would not tolerate segregation within its body, then there would be a kind of fierce logic in its position. It would make for a kind of arrogance and bigotry toward those who were not fortunate or wise enough to put themselves in the way of being Christian. Men would knock at the door of the church to find out what they need to do to become what, in evidence, the Christian is."

Current & Various

THE MAGICIAN'S WIFE by James M. Cain. 233 pages. Dial. \$3.95.

For 30 years, Novelist James M. Cain has worked a literary lode bordering a trash heap. Even his best works—*The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *Mildred Pierce*, *Double Indemnity*—reeked of their neighborhood, and no doubt as a consequence were made into movies. In this novel, his sixteenth, Cain has at last achieved breakthrough. *The Magician's Wife* is pure trash. The book is so bad, in fact, that it is redeemed by its own absolute sins against credibility, plot, characterization and style. Reading it becomes a suspenseful exercise in disbelief, in which the reader is sustained,



The Iron Curtain isn't soundproof.

And so the truth is broadcast, through the air, where it can't be stopped by walls and guards, up to 18 hours a day to millions of people in the closed countries behind the Iron Curtain.

Will you help the truth get through? Whatever you can give will mean a great deal to a great many people behind the Iron Curtain.

Send your contribution to:

Radio Free Europe, Box 1965, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.



Don't grown-ups know?



Every litter bit hurts



THE BIG NAME IN FISHING

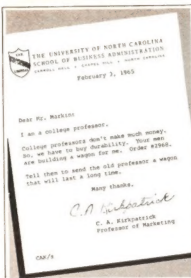
JEKKU

FOR BIG-GAME FISHING

Handmade Wobblers of balsa wood with built-in lead weight and twin-screw. **JET-DRIVE**

Handmade in Finland





Don't worry, Professor. We build them all to last.

We understand college professors are generally not millionaires. We appreciate the fact that you need a car that's super-safe, supremely comfortable and really built to last. And we're glad you have recognized that the Checker Marathon, with spacious, man-size door openings, extra-large interiors, flat rear floor and double channel X-brace frame, was designed for people like you. And because we build for America's most demanding fleet users, we take special pains with every car we build.

It's true. Checker Marathons are built for people who know the value of classic styling and gasoline economy; for people who insist on a different kind of car. Checker Marathons are cars that are made for full-size people; cars that are built to give many extra thousands of miles of trouble-free driving, many extra years of driving pleasure and reliability. Don't worry, Professor, we'll build you a great car. (Tell your friends, please.)

In the Chicago area, you can see and test-drive a Checker by calling MA 1-1122, or complete the coupon for free full color folder.



CHECKER



Checker Motors Corporation
Dept. T-11, Kalamazoo, Michigan 49007

Name

Address

City

State Zip

as well as stunned, by Cain's inextinguishable capacity for compounding meretriciousness. The end effect is one of near admiration. Who else could have executed such a perfect travesty of Cain?

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM POSTERS by Alan Sillitoe. 317 pages. Knopf. \$4.95.

Labor is in and the Angries are out. They still go on writing, but they don't have much to say. In this novel, Alan Sillitoe (*Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*) retells the tired old tale of a working-class yob who decides to chuck it all and live a little. He says ta-ta to his spouse and house, toddles off with a well-educated wench, ends up in Algeria running guns to the rebels and imagining he is out of the ruck and into



ALAN SILLITOE
Gross sprawl for crass cash.

the luck. Sillitoe was always a careless writer, and now that he is crassly cashing in, he is grossly sprawling out. He is inaccurate: "They were attracted like two magnets in a field of iron filings." He is prolix: "Frank kicked him, a hand cracking on flesh, and the purple, spark-furred floor on the sway and loose burst at Keith like a piece of ice over the eye-face. Keith reacted, fist hursting, a whalehead driving across the light, packed with fintheads and darkness." He is even ungrammatical: "Walking along black midnight roads, the wound of his separation opened." It should have taken a bus.

MANCHILD IN THE PROMISED LAND by Claude Brown. 415 pages. Macmillan. \$5.95.

While still in his early teens, Claude Brown was the coolest of Harlem cats: smoker of pot, snuffer of cocaine, graduate of two reform schools, expert in the arts of bebopping (gang warfare), Murphying (a form of pimping), jugging (fornication) and stinging (armed robbery). Then Brown moved downtown, found a square job, took up the jazz piano and earned a high school

diploma attending classes at night. This autobiography is Brown's testament, not to his redemption but to his misspent youth. Nowhere does he explain what inner strength rescued him from himself: the reader must consult the dust jacket to learn that Brown went on to graduate from Howard University, and will enter law school this fall. Instead, Brown sifts steadfastly and self-consciously through the dung heap of his past. A little discipline of the sort that altered the course of Brown's life might also have rescued it as a story.

THE TROUT by Roger Vailland. 253 pages. Dutton. \$4.50.

At the age of 16, Frédérique swore that she would get what she wanted from men and never give anything in return. She married a provincial homosexual, set herself up as a confidence-woman. With her husband as a partner, she eched a couple of well-to-do industrialists out of 800,000 francs. Partly out of a desire for revenge, partly out of simple desire, both industrialists decided to seduce the lady. She agreeably went off to America with one of them, came back with her virginity intact. Then she convinced the other man that she loved him, provoked him into a ruinous financial scheme, deserted him. Novelist Vailland, a sometime Communist who died in May, was also a successful journalist and film scenarist (*Les Liaisons Dangereuses*). His prizewinning novel, *The Law*, was a compelling study of greed, lust and power politics in a small Italian town. In his present book he aims to tell the ironic, chilling story of a modern Diana who hunts a different species of bulls and bears. Author Vailland seems to think the lady is hot stuff, but most readers will find her just one more frigid bitch.

THE PEACOCK'S TAIL by Edward Hoagland. 257 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$5.50.

Saul Bellow has called him "one of the very best writers of his generation." He has won Guggenheim and Houghton Mifflin fellowships, and is currently living in Greece on a grant from the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Critics found his earlier books, *The Cat Man* (about circus life) and *The Circle Home* (about boxing), flat on characterization and rickety on plot, but praised him as a stylist. *The Peacock's Tail* is the story of a young New Yorker's trials after he loses his girl Sandy to a Jewish rival. He becomes a refugee in a West Side hotel inhabited by whores and derelicts. Most of the book recounts his oscillating between Sandy's upper-class East Side apartment and his West Side slum. As for style, here are some examples: "Wolf, wolf," he woofed; "she took the smoke forms of his own emotion, and sopped up looks and flung them off as if she were electrified"; "her breasts were big jubilant bells without needing to swing, her waist was a scooping of lissome lines."



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